

POETICAL TRIFLES:

OR,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By MRS. SPENCER,

Late Miss JACKSON; from MANCHESTER.

L O N D O N:

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POETICAL TRIFLES.

Wrote on seeing the QUEEN:

Sweetness and Ease, each Charm to Mortals dear,
Behold in Royal *CHARLOTTE*'s Form appear!
Nor to her Form confin'd, for in her life
Is seen the Mother, Christian, Queen and Wife.
Let other Nations boast with mimic Pride,
That ev'ry Grace is to their Queen allied;
BRITAIN alone with Truth and Joy can tell
How much fair *CHARLOTTE* does her Sex excel.

To Miss O——E.

MY Friend, what means that down-cast Eye,
Or why that tender plaintive Sigh?
In all your Cares I claim a part,
Your Grief must wound your *EMMA*'s Heart:
Your Sorrows to your Friend resign,
Your Woes, your Joys, alike are mine.



On

On his Grace the Duke of R—M—D,

SAY in what Language shall the Muse commend
 R—M—D, the Nation's Pride, the Nation's Friend.
 When such we praise our Numbers flow sincere :
 His patriot Name is to each *Briton* dear :
 He, firm and constant in fair Freedom's Cause,
 Supports *Britannia* and protects her Laws ;
 Their Guard, their Champion, grateful Crowds shall
 own ;

Names now almost forgot, almost unknown,
 Till R—M—D rose, with virtuous noble Rage,
 To bless Mankind and save a sinking Age.
 May Heaven approving on his Actions smile,
 And with each Bliss reward his patriot Toil.

Man's like a Flower, his tender Years
 Like some green lovely Leaf appears :
 Youth is the Bud, Manhood the Flower,
 Decaying Age the Evening Hour ;
 The Night appears, the Flowrets die :
 So at our Night must You and I.

On VIRTUE.

VIRTUE the Balm of ev'ry Woe,
 The purest Blessing Mortals know,
 Can ease each Sorrow we endure,
 And firm Felicity insure ;

Nor, as is fabled, is the Road,
 With Thorns o'ergrown;—to her Abode
 An easy Path doth Mortals tread,
 With wholesome Herbs and Grass o'erspread;
 For such those Sorrows seem to be
 That lead us to the Deity.
 On Virtue safely we depend,
 A true and never-failing Friend:
 If we but follow her bright Way,
 And from her Precepts never stray,
 On Earth a sure Reward is given,
 A never-ending one in Heaven.

Once in a Frolick, it was Nature's Plan,
 To place each Virtue in a single Man,
 In whom Truth, Loyalty, and Courage join,
 And need I add, that this produc'd B—c—n.

To LAURA.

COME, Gentle LAURA, haste away
 From Town, and seek the shady Bow'rs,
 Exchange thy Silks for home-spun Grey,
 And let us gather fragrant Flowers.

A verdant Carpet for thy Feet,
 Has bounteous Nature kindly spread,
 Where various Herbs thy Sight shall meet,
 Arising from their grassy Bed.

A :

'Tis

Tis true, no Beaus here feign to love,
 Or will of LAURA's Beauty sing,
 But every Warbler of the Grove
 Hails with sweet Notes the blooming Spring.

No costly Di'monds can we boast,
 Yet sure the Dew-drop is as fair,
 And shews its Maker's Wisdom most
 As on the Flowers it does appear.

Our Lovers too more constant are,
 Tho' not so courtly or so vain,
 An *Honest Heart's* above a *Star*,
 Haste then and join the Rural Train.

On Sir G——E S—V—LLE.

COME aid me ye Muses, *Apollo* inspire,
 Your Assistance I want, and poetical Fire :
 But ah ! 'tis in vain, shou'd you give me your Aid,
 The worth of my Subject can ne'er be display'd ;
 In S—V—LLE such Virtue and Wisdom's combin'd
 A Heart so sincere and a Soul so refin'd,
 That Language is vain, my weak Muse ne'er can fo
 His Merit to tell—I'll attempt it no more.

The Bosom fraught with Innocence,
 And free from ev'ry Guile,
 Will ever have a sure Defence
 In Heaven's indulgent Smile.

While Guilt in Terror still appears,
 Nor Happiness can know,
 But still is curst with Cares and Fears,
 And Conscience,—dreadful Foe.

E L E G Y.

PALE *Cynthia* comes and banishes the Day,
 The little Warblers cease their tuneful Strains,
 The Lambs, in soft Repose, forget to play,
 And *Philomela* tells her mournful Pains.

In the clear Stream now wantons *Luna's* Beams,
 The Stars the beauteous Face of Heaven adorn,
 My *HENRIETTA* now shall be my Theme;
 I'll mourn her loss till the return of Morn.

In yon Church-yard—flow on my fruitless Tears—
 My gentle Friend does from each Sorrow rest,
 There her fair monumental Bust appears:
 Light lie the Turf upon my J—s—N's Breast.

To the sad Spot I'll bend my pensive Way,
 And o'er her Tomb lament with friendly Sighs:
 Ah! here's the Place where mould'ring into Clay,
 My J—s—N sleeps 'till all the Dead shall rise.

This new-made Grave does my sad Loss declare;
 There rests my Friend in silent long repose;
 Her loss not e'en *Matilda* can repair,
 'Tis Death alone can ease my heavy Woes.

Each

Each Beauty did my *Henrietta* grace,
 Her Cheek excell'd the Rose's lovely Bloom,
 Like some gay Flowret was her charming Face,
 Which droops and dies when comes the Evening's
 Gloom.

Scarce twenty Years liv'd this accomplish'd Fair,
 Adorn'd with matchless Worth & matchless Charms,
 But robb'd of Happiness by Grief and Care,
 She's summon'd hence to rest in Death's cold Arms.

Misfortune's Wounds and cruel Sicknefs prey'd
 On her lov'd Form, and all her Beauty fled;
 No more the Fair her wonted Charms display'd,
 In early Youth she sunk amongst the Dead.

But now appears the gay Approach of Morn,
 And on the Mountain's Top stands rosy Light,
 Sol's radiant Beams the Meadows now adorn,
 At his Command retire the Shades of Night.

Yet e'er I leave this Place, attend my Prayer,
 Ye Pow'rs this Day let all my Sorrows end;
 Let the cold Grave shield me from every Care,
 And let me join my lov'd, lamented Friend,

S O N G.

TO Arms ye brave *Britons*, arise, and to Arms,
 Your Prince leads his Heroes to Glory,
 Undaunted he hastes midst *Bellona's* Alarms,
 Can ye fear when young *HENRY's* before ye.

Our Sailors are loyal, their Leader's a Prince,
 Each *Spaniard* and *Frenchman* must fear them :
 Brave HENRY and RODNEY the World will convince,
British Tars beat each Foe who comes near them.

The Dons hope in vain to be Lords o'er the Sea,
Britain's Prince from each Danger will save her ;
 His Commands and brave RODNEY's the Sailors obey,
 And fix Triumph on *England* for ever,

On the Hon. Mr. F—x.

AH how shall I describe his Worth, or praise
 Merit like his, in artless humble Lays :
Britons to latest Times shall grateful own,
 F—x well deserves to wear the Patriots Crown.

A CURE for AMBITION.

TO cure a proud, ambitious Mind,
 Tho' various Projects are design'd,
 Spight of the wise Projector's Pain,
 Each Method yet has prov'd in vain ;
 In vain to cure them Clergy preach,
 In vain Philosophers would teach :
 One Scheme alone to try is left ;
 Tell them the World of *Wolfe's* bereft ;
 Inform them *Abercrombie's* dead ;
 That Life from gallant *Pierfon's* fled :
 Tell them of *Farmer's* hap'less Doom,
 And shew them noble *Stanly's* Tomb.

Tho'

Tho' Mortals unconcern'dly see
 The Changes of the varying Year,
 They should a useful Lesson be
 How soon this Life must disappear.

The Spring like Infancy is gay;
 Summer and Childhood quickly fly;
 Autumn, alas! soon hastes away;
 The Winter comes and Mortals die.

Ah! what Language can ever declare,
 Or my Woes and my Sorrows reveal,
 To say I'm the Child of Despair,
 Is faint to the Anguish I feel.

Like the Turtle I'll ever complain,
 Thro' Life will I sorrow and mourn,
 Since left by my dear fickle Swain;
 He's left me and ne'er will return.

The Approach of dull Evening I fear,
 And dread when the Morning must rise;
 Pale *Luna* I hail with a Tear,
 And welcome *Aurora* with Sighs:

No Change can give Ease to my Heart,
 No Place can my Misery cure;
 No Friendship a Balm can impart,
 To Sorrows like these I endure.

No Hope can my Anguish controul,
 To Misfortune and Sorrow a Slave;
 No Pleasure can enter my Soul,
 Ah! that I were laid in my Grave.

Come Resignation, cheer my wounded Heart,
 A Ray of Comfort to my Soul impart.

FLORIO with Confidence will oft' advance,
 The World and all therein were made by Chance :
 To contradict him, view the Sea and Shore ;
 All teach us Great JEHOVAH to adore :
 Each Tree, each Flower, Birds, Fishes, Beasts and Air,
 Hail, Rain and Snow, a Maker do declare :
 A Maker whom proud FLORIO ought to fear :
 A GOD of JUSTICE, to his Foes severe.

On the Death of a CHILD.

WHY did stern Death my Arabell' destroy?
 Her hapless Mother's last and only Joy.
 Why am I left behind her Loss to moan?
 Why died I not?—But Heaven's high Will be done.
 Yet, tho' by Fate's Decree we're doom'd to part,
 She still survives in her fond Parent's Heart.
 May I so live, that when I yield my Breath,
 I may behold my Darling after Death :
 With her in Joys eternal may I dwell,
 And never bid my little Saint farewell,

On a BEE.

YON little busy Labo'rer see ;
 The wand'ring and industrious BEE !
 See how she roves from Bower to Bower,
 And sips the Sweets of ev'ry Flower.
 But ah ! on yonder Bough behold
 A Vase that's fill'd with liquid Gold ;
 She tastes with Joy the hony'd Store,
 And plunges in to gather more ;
 In vain to leave the Bottle tries ;
 Incumber'd in the Sweets she dies.—
 Alas ! too often thoughtless Man
 Acts on the same delusive Plan ;
 He tastes the Joys that Pleasure gives,
 And that they're dangerous ne'er believes,
 'Till, like the Insect, want of Care
 Leads the rash Youth into a Snare ;
 Yet to Excess pursues his Bliss,
 Till lost to Virtue, Truth and Peace.—
 Happy the Mortal, and the Bee,
 Who can their Danger timely see,
 And Prudence have the Path to shun,
 By which their Brethren were undone.

On the MANCHESTER VOLUNTEERS.

PROCEED, heroic Youths, in Virtue's Cause,
 Assert *Britannia's* Rights, maintain her Laws ;
 For *Britain's* Weal e'en lose your vital Blood,
 And fall with Glory for your Country's Good :
 Or nobly conquering, gain with daring Aim,
 The Paths of Honour and the Paths of Fame.
 You the first Regiment, was sure design'd
 To mend the Age and dignify Mankind.
 On MANCHESTER true Courage sheds her Beams ;
 The eagerest Town to shew the gen'rous Flame,
 And teach its Youths in Honour's Cause to dare,
 Midst Hosts embattel'd and the Din of War.
 No Cowards Fears their noble Breasts controul,
 But loyal Ardour fills each gallant Soul :
 Fearless they'll tread the hostile martial Plain,
 Scorn idle Ease, and quell the Fears of Pain,
 Till the proud *Spaniard* shall be well repaid.—
 Ye Guardian Angels be the Heroes Aid.

SWIFT says, that Malice cannot make
 The Head, the Eye, the Finger ake :
 True,—but it hurts a tenderer Part,
 And deeply wounds the feeling Heart.

The Harebell and Hyacinth blue, -
 I've pluck'd from a neighbouring Grove,
 Because they resemble in Hue,
 The beautiful Eyes of my Love,
 The Rose now I hasten to seek,
 Thro' the Gardens and gay verdant Meads;
 'Tis the Colour of DAMON's dear Cheek,
 Tho' his Bloom ev'ry Flower exceeds.
 The Pea-Blossom yields me a Wreath,
 Or the Woodbine that scents the Alcove:
 I compare them to DAMON's sweet Breath,
 The Swain whom so fondly I love.
 But where, O ye Nymphs, shall I roam,
 For an Emblem to picture his Mind:
 Oh! that I can gather at Home,
 Where the ever-green Myrtle I find.

As Pilgrims bow o'er some devoted Shrine,
 So does thy Friend, dear *Johnson*, weep o'er thine:
 With Flowers I'll deck the Spot where thou art laid,
 May Peace and Rest await thy gentle Shade.

To FLORELLA.

BOAST not FLORELLA of thy Bloom,
 For soon, too soon, Old Age will come;
 Or long before that fatal Time,
 Death may demand Thee in thy Prime;
 Or Sickneſs ſteal thy Charms away:
 Which only laſt a Summer's Day.
 'Tis Virtue only can ſupply
 Unfading Charms that never die;
 Thoſe will adorn you thro' your Life,
 Eaſe ev'ry Care and baniſh Strife.
 Then each vain fooliſh Thought remove,
 And ſtrive in Virtue to improve;
 So will FLORELLA's Beauty laſt
 When Youth and all its Charms are paſt:
 And when your earthly Joys are fled,
 And you are number'd with the Dead,
 In Heav'n a pure unſpotted Mind
 Will endleſs Peace and Pleaſure find.—
 Since Virtue only this can give,
 Why will you ſtill in Folly live:
 Throw, lovely Maid, that Mirror by,
 And learn to live and learn to die.

Wrote near a COTTAGE.

IN yon low Cot doth Peace and *Corin* dwell;
 Virtue and Truth adorn the humble Cell:

Fair

Fair Piety, with all her smiling Train,
 Dwells in the Bosom of the honest Swain:
 His Food what Herbs the lofty Mountain yeilds,
 His Drink the Stream which murmurs thro' the Fields:
 For which each Morn and Eve within the Grove,
 With grateful Heart he thanks Almighty Jove.
 Ye who are proud of Pomp may blush to find,
 A rural Swain possess a nobler Mind,

On Lord S—B—E.

HEav'n must approve the noble S—b—ne's Mind,
 To ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Good inclin'd:
Britain, alas! would soon be ever lost,
 Did she not Patriots such as S—b—ne boast:
 R—m—d and F—x, in Freedom's Cause sincere,
 And D—n—g: Names to Truth and Honour dear.
 In vain our haughty Foes may War pursue,
 While *Britain's* blest with Patriots firm and true;
 Wise, loyal, just, in GEORGE and Honour's Cause,
 Who seek not earthly Praise but Heav'n's Applause.

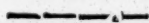
S O N G.

IN vain proud *Spain* and fickle *France*,
 With their perfidious Train,
 'Gainst *Britain's* Heroes may advance,
 Young *Henry* rules the Main.

That noble Prince, dear gallant Youth,
 By Liberty inspir'd,
 Aided by Virtue, Rodney, Truth,
 By loyal Courage fir'd :

'Tis he asserts *Britannia's* Cause,
 Against the daring Foe ;
 He guards our Freedom and our Laws,
 And *Spain* shall overthrow.

By HIM her Honours blasted are,
 Whilst *Mars* directs his Hand,
 With HIM and Rodney, *Britons* dare
 And will each Foe withstand.



A LYAR we can never trust,
 E'en when they say a Thing that's just.

S P R I N G.

EACH blooming Flower, ye Shepherds bring,
 And welcome the returning Spring !
 Sweet Season, with thy Train advance ;
 The mirthful Song, the jocund Dance :
 Hail beauteous Spring ! forever gay !
 Each Hill, each Valley, owns thy Sway !
 The Violet sweet, the Primrose pale,
 Expand their Beauties thro' the Dale ;
 The Snowdrop doth its Charms disclose,
 And just now peeps the blushing Rose ;

Against

Again the Grass adorns the Fields ;
 Each Bush a pleasing Contrast yeilds :
 The Trees with Leaves again are spread ;
 The Cowslip lifts her modest Head ;
 The azure Harebells blooming throng,
 And every Warbler vies in Song.—
 Such are the Charms of blooming MAY :
 Ah! why must all these Sweets decay ?
 But soon, alas ! we lose the Spring ;
 Its Joys decline on rapid Wing.—
 The Spring of every Op'ning Year,
 Like Mortals Summer doth appear ;
 Soon fades the Spring, soon droops the Man,
 For fleeting Life is but a Span.

S U M M E R.

THE scorching Heat now reigns around ;
 No cheering balmy Breeze is found ;
 Near yonder Stream the Lambkins stray,
 To shun bright Sol's too powerful Ray,
 Whilst others languish in the Meads,
 And panting hang their harmless Heads.
 The Shepherd leaves his Cot to dine
 Where ancient Oaks their Arms entwine :
 He feasts on Cream, on Whey and Curds,
 The passing Stream his Drink affords ;
 Not e'en his lovely DELIA'S Voice,
 Her Shepherd's Bosom can rejoice,

He

He mourns the sultry Heat of Noon,
 And wishes for the silver Moon.—
 The Beauty of each Flower is fled,
 Each languid droops its lovely Head;
 The Birds in pensive Silence grieve,
 'Till comes the cool Approach of Eve;
 No jocund Pipe now charms the Plain,
 But dull and silent every Swain.

A U T U M N.

AUTUMN begins her happy Reign,
 And show'rs down Plenty o'er the Plain:
 The luscious tempting Fruit we see,
 Which almost bends the Parent-Tree.
 Richest of Seasons! AUTUMN hail!
 Thou fill'st with Blessings ev'ry Vale!
 How busy yonder Reapers are;
 For Winter's Horrors they prepare;
 A plenteous Harvest, lo! they gain,
 And fill the Barns with various Grain:
 The jocund Master points the Way,
 The smiling Train his Words obey,
 Now their past Labour to beguile,
 They chearful sit and rest awhile,
 Feast on a Toast and nut-brown Ale,
 Attending many a merry Tale;
 Mirth spreads her lively laugh around,
 With pleasing Shouts the Hills resound:

Near them the fleecy Lambkins rove,
 Whilst ev'ry Warbler of the Grove,
 Begin their lively artless Strains,
 To charm the rural Nymphs and Swains. —
 How sweet the Peach's Blossom smells;
 The Plumb in Beauty much excels;
 The pendent Boughs with Apples crown'd,
 And Grapes which almost touch the Ground:
 The juicy Pears our Tastes delight,
 And cluſ't'ring Filberts please the Sight. —
 From HIM who does each Blessing give,
 Their various Beauties they receive:
 To HIM let grateful Man express
 By Songs of Praise his Thankfulness.

W I N T E R.

UNwelcome Winter comes with hasty Pace,
 And robs the Meads and Groves of ev'ry Grace.
 Where now's the Grass yon Hills cou'd lately boast?
 All whiten'd e'er, sad Change! with hoary Frost;
 No flow'ry Plants upon their Summit grow,
 But all are cover'd with the drifted Snow,
 Instead of warbling Birds on yonder Trees,
 The chilling Icicles our Sight displease:
 No more, alas! the gently bubbling Rill,
 Our list'ning Ears with pleasing Murmurs fill;
 But frosted o'er;—again 'tis swell'd with Rain,
 And with hoarse Roarings rushes o'er the Plain:

Impatient of its former narrow Shore,
Behold it down the Rock impetuous pour:
Thro' the green Meads no more the Lambkins stray,
But Tempests rough deform each dreary Day.—
In Scenes like these how blest the happy Few
Who smile in Storms, and Wisdom's Laws pursue;
Amidst the Thunder's Roar serene and calm,
Trust that their God will shelter them from Harm;
Whilst Books and social Friends beguile their Pain,
Till WINTER flies and SPRING returns again.

On a R O S E.

P Rofsess Sweets dost thou disclose,
Fav'rite of FLORA, lovely Rose!
No other Flowret is so fair;
No other can with Thee compare:
But soon, too soon, thy Charms decay;
Thy Beauty's over with the Day:
At Morn enchanting to the Sight,
But dead and drooping e'er the Night;
Yet, tho' so short thy transient Bloom,
You still afford a rich Perfume.
No human Beauty soon is past;
No Virtue's Charms for ever last.

To Miss O——E.

YOU say, *Matilda*, since my *Corin's* gone,
 And I am left unhappy and alone,
 You fancy I have chang'd my Thoughts of Life,
 And wish I ne'er had been a Soldier's Wife:
 You are deceiv'd, my gentle loving Friend,
 The Army I must love till Life shall end.
 I never will complain—Fate may relent—
 I'll trust in God and strive to be content.
 Since the same Power protects them o'er the Sea,
 As now in *Britain* guards both you and me,
 Midst all the Terrors cruel War can rear,
 I'll yeild my Love to Heav'n, and check each Fear,—
 GOD, if He pleases, can my Soldier save;
 Many who fight don't find in War a Grave.

May he courageous prove, and never fly,
 But rather for fair Freedom bleed or die.
 If he be slain, oh, Heav'n avert the Thought!
 He'll die as Soldiers and as *Britons* ought.
 But if Heav'n spares my *Volunteer's* dear Life,
 And safe returns him to his hapless Wife;
 If to his Soul GOD doth his Grace impart,
 And from each guilty Thought abstract his Heart;
 Grant him Repentance that he may despise
 Each loose Delight, and spotless Virtue prize,
 What Thanks, what Pray'rs, what Praises shall I owe
 To Him who succour'd me in ev'ry Woe.

On Mr. B—KE.

YE Britons join, and give the just Applause
 To noble B—E, who in *Britannia's Cause*
 Pleads with an Eloquence almost divine :
 Merit and matchless Sense in him combine.
 May loyal Emulation fire each Heart,
 That all like him may act a *Briton's Part* ;
 Like Him their Country's Good alone pursue,
 And keep that Object ever in their View.

How happy is that Woman's Life,
 Who was never made a Wife ;
 Never by a Sot neglected,
 Never by a Rake suspected,
 Never by a Gamester bit,
 Never scorn'd, if Spouse has Wit,
 Never teaz'd with dull Advice,
 Nor asham'd of one not wise :
 She alone tastes real Joy,
 Which no Tyrant can destroy.

Wrote on a STORMY NIGHT.

FOR one by Birth and Friendship dear,
 This stormy Night awakes my Fear,
 And ev'ry hollow Blast of Wind,
 Raises like Tempests in my Mind.

Whereas-

Where'er my dearest CORIN be,
 O LORD, my Hopes repose on Thee:
 Tho' Cares for him prevent my Sleep,
 May he securely pass the Deep,
 A Stranger to my friendly Sighs,
 And softest Slumbers close his Eyes,
 With Heaven's Protection ever blest,
 May no rude Storms disturb his Rest.—
 Save him, ye Pow'rs, from ev'ry Ill,
 Protect and guard the dear one still;
 When on the Sea or when on Shore,
 Oh! guide him till he be no more;
 Till in the Dust his Body lies;
 Then may his Soul ascend the Skies,
 Where, from each Storm, each Danger free,
 LORD, be he ever blest with Thee.

March 25th, 1778.

THIS Day in which with Grief I pine,
 This fatal Day first gave me birth,
 'Twas my Creator's Will, not mine,
 That I should ever visit Earth.

And tho' my Hours are spent in Woe,
 Yet twenty Years this Day are ceas'd,
 And to my Comfort 'tis I know,
 I soon shall be by Death releas'd.

Then

Then hail ! my welcome natal Day,
 To weep on thee would sure be wrong,
 Thou steal'st from Life a Year away,
 Nor will that Life continue long.

My ardent Prayer, Oh Heaven ! hear,
 That I may see this Day no more,
 But e'er the next revolving Year,
 My Cares and Sorrows may be o'er.

Ye Great, I envy not your Lot,
 But rather in some humble Cot,
 Some Cave unknown, or mossy Cell,
 With him I love I wish to dwell,

ADIEU to HOPE.

Farewell to Peace and *Hope*, a long Farewell,
 No more will you in EMMA'S Bosom dwell :
 No more delude me with your flatt'ring Dreams ;
 No more deceive me with your airy Schemes.
 Farewell, *False Hope*, far from my Breast remove,
 Leave me to Sorrow, and to injur'd Love.
 Seduc'd by Thee, I priz'd a lovely Youth,
 And by thy Arts believ'd his Vows for Truth ;
 But now forsaken and alone I rove
 Thro' Meads, thro' Gardens, or the lonely Grove ;
 There vent my Sorrows, tell how I'm oppress'd,
 And wish in vain my former Ease and Rest.
 No Pleasure now or Comfort do I view ;
 Deceitful HOPE for-ever more ADIEU.

Long has *BRITANNIA* reign'd with matchless Fame,
 No Foe so proud but fear'd her awful Name:
 Shall then perfidious *France* her Power deride?
 Rouse *Britons*, rouse, and check the Boaster's Pride:
 Ne'er let it be of fam'd Old *England* said,
 The *French* or *Spaniard* fill'd her Sons with Dread:
 Rise and to Arms, prepare the Sword and Shield,
 And to chastise their Folly take the Field,

S O N G.

I.

TO conquer Old *England* the Dons sent a Fleet,
 But chanc'd in their Way the brave *Rodney* to
 meet;

Young *Henry* was with him, *Bellona* and *Mars*,
 Who always attend on our true *British* Tars.

II.

With Horror the Tidings are heard in proud *Spain*,
 Their Fleets are all conquer'd or lost in the Main;
 Good Heav'n! cry the Dons, 'Who our Ships could
 'destroy;'

The Answer is short, 'Twas a gallant young Boy.

III.

The News with fresh Anguish the *Spaniards* confound,
 Our Prince's dear Name strikes new Terror around,
 They sigh and look pale, and declare with a Groan,
Britannia must conquer, young *Henry's* her own.

IV.

No Hope there remains of subduing a Land,
 Where Boys like old Heroes can bear the Command;
 'Gainst *Britain* therefore 'tis in vain to contend,
 Since Children their Freedom and Fleets can defend.

V.

O Shame to our Foes, that a Youth should disgrace,
 And conquer the Chief of their haughty proud Race;
 In vain in their Numbers the *Spaniards* confide,
 Since *Henry* and *Rodney* have Heav'n on their Side.

To the Meadows I'll tell all my Pain,
 And each hidden Sorrow disclose,
 Lament the sad Loss of my Swain,
 And weep o'er my numerous Woes.

To the Willows I'll too tell my Tale,
 How the Shepherd I loved so well,
 Has left me his Absence to wail,
 And bid me for-ever farewell.

Ah! why did I trust the false Swain;
 Yet could I suspect his Deceit;
 So well did he counterfeit Pain,
 Could I think all his Vows were a Cheat.

To Sorrow and Anguish a Slave,
 No Hopes of Contentment I see,
 I wish I was laid in the Grave,
 That alone can give Refuge to me.

On Colonel B—R—E.

Britannia boasts the gallant B—R—E's Name :
 Her favo'rite Son.—Go tell his Praises Fame.
 Tho' none to do him Justice can aspire,
 Yet all his loyal Virtue must admire.

To Miss W——T.

JOY, Joy to my *Delia*, this Day *Hymen's* Bands,
 Will join gentle *Laura* and *Celadon's* Hands ;
 Their Hands and their Hearts will together be given,
 Oh may they be blest with the Favor of Heaven.

Come aid me, my *Delia*, our Friendship to shew,
 Let us make a gay Chaplet for *Laura's* fair Brow,
 Bring the innocent Primrose, the Myrtle so green,
 Let the Violet and Pink in our Garland be seen.

The gold-colour'd Crocus, the Hyacinth blue,
 The Jonquil, and Lilly so snowy of Hue,
 The gay Polyanthus, the Kingcup and Rose,
 The Carnation and Wallflower their Beauties disclose.

The Garland is made, but sure all must agree,
 No Flowret so lovely as *Laura* we see,
 With a gay azure Ribbon the Stalks now I'll tye,
 And to give it fair *Laura* my *Delia* shall hyc.

Say, lovely Peace, why dost thou still refuse,
Thy humble Suppliant's ardent earnest Prayer ;
Dost thou disdain to bless my humble Muse,
Must tedious Life roll on in sad Despair.

Once I was blest, but ah! that Time is o'er,
My Friend is dead and Pleasure is no more :
Mem'ry be gone, thou but to me conveys,
Past Scenes of Joy and envied happy Days :
When Love I knew not, of my Friend possess'd,
Contentment fix'd her Seat in *Emma's* Breast ;
But *Johnson* dead, to Peace I'll bid adieu,
And injur'd Love does all my Woes renew ;
Now and for-ever must my Tears be shed,
Till, like my *Henrietta*, I am dead.
I'm tir'd of Life, O Death, thy Work compleat ;
Let me in thee obtain a sure Retreat
From all the Pains and Sorrows which I prove,
From hapless Friendship and neglected Love.
O gracious God, for Death my Soul prepare,
And deign to take me to thy holy Care.

On Sir JOSEPH M——Y.

Hail, generous M——Y, whose peculiar Care,
Is to protect this Land from every Snare ;
Thy wondrous Worth thy Country long has prov'd,
For ever be thy Name revered and lov'd.

Ah! why must they who bravely bled
 For *Britain*, know the Want of Bread,
 And keenest Ills endure :
 Sure they who braved the Battle's Woe,
 And rushed impetuous on the Foe,
 From Want should be secure.

In youthful Bloom their Portion's scant,
 For 'tis but little Soldiers want,
 And when o'ertook by Age,
 With crippled Arm, or wooden Leg,
 Say is it fit the Heroes beg :
 Answer ye Wife and Sage.

Ye Heavenly Powers! Protectors of the Brave!
 In ev'ry Storm the ROYAL SAILOR save;
 His blooming Hopes may no Disaster cross,
 Nor *Britain* mourn the lovely Youth's sad loss:
 Secur'd from every Danger, every Ill,
 Protect, O Lord, the *British* Sailors still:
 Safe in their Cabbins let the Wanderers sleep;
 Be thou their mighty Guardian o'er the Deep,
 And if their Foes they meet amidst the War,
 May *Britain's* Heroes be each Angel's Care.—
 Scatter our Enemies, protect our Fleet,
 And grant we with Success may ever meet.
 Fair *Albion* once unrival'd rul'd the Main :
 Soon may those happy Days return again.

To Miss O——E.

DEAR *Matilda*, prithee haste,
 Wed or else a Maid you'll die,
 Think how fast your Minutes waste,
 And how soon your Bloom must fly.

Five-and-twenty Years, my Dear,
 Have this Day roll'd o'er your Head;
 Dearest O——E, for you I fear;
 When do you intend to wed.

Sure it must be wondrous strange,
 Ugly Apes to lead below,
 Ever more with them to range,
 I should hate it much I vow.

But, perhaps, my Friend may ask,
 Does not EMMA this Truth prove,
 To do that's a better Task
 Than to be led by Apes above.

If this Argument you use,
 I must own, my Friend, I've done;
 I your Fate would rather choose,
 And my own desire to shun.

*On seeing a Number of poor People relieved at
the Duke of MONTAGUE's Gate.*

BRITONS rejoice, that now, to mend the Time,
When Charity is almost deem'd a Crime;
When idle Toys so much the Great engage,
A MONTAGUE appears to bless the Age.
Heaven spare our Monarch's Life, but when he dies,
And his pure Soul ascends above the Skies,
To calm *Britannia's* Woe and piercing Grief,
And for so great a Loss give some Relief,
She must reflect, still blest will be her Clime,
In One bred up by Him who knows no Crime. —
Our Sov'reign's Wisdom in his Choice is known,
Where matchless Worth his greatest Foes must own,
And to his Subjects acts a Father's Part,
When MONTAGUE forms his Successor's Heart.
To MONTAGUE is every Virtue given,
Each Gift, each Merit that lays claim to Heaven.
Of Titles, Pomp, nor gaudy Splendor proud,
He shares his Wealth amongst yon helpless Crowd,
Who fill'd with grateful Joy impatient wait
The Opening of his hospitable Gate:
Long may he be of every Bliss possess'd,
Nor Pain nor Sorrow touch his generous Breast:
Long may his wondrous Worth be known to Fame,
And Ages yet unborn revere his Name. —
Tis not the flimsy Pomp of Rank or State,
Tis Charity which makes Him truly Great;

His Joy it is to cheer the Heart of Woe,
 The purest Bliss permitted while below.
 Hail, MONTAGUE ! to Truth and Wisdom dear,
 Deeds such as thine best dignify the Peer ;
 Thou art the Nation's Glory and its Prop,
 The Widows, Orphans Joy, the Strangers Hope.
 Others may boast their sounding Names, but you
 Make highest Titles in their Worth seem low.
 In antient Times, when GOD was wrath, we read,
 His pious Servant, humbly kneeling, said,
 ' Lord, wilt Thou then this dreadful Vengeance take,
 ' O spare the Wicked for the Righteous sake :'
 So had our Heavenly King in *Britain* seen,
 Ten like Thyself, our Troubles ne'er had been :
 Would other Peers by Thee Example take,
 And every Folly, every Vice forsake,
 Peace would again return to *Albion's* Isle,
 And Heaven indulgent on her Children smile.

To Thee, my GOD, in every Woe and Grief,
 Do I address myself, and find Relief :
 As thou art wont, O deign my Prayer to hear,
 Without Thy Aid poor Mortals must despair ;
 My cruel Wanderer guard from ev'ry Ill,
 Protect and keep him, LORD, in Safety still :
 Accept my Prayers for Him : These Tears I weep
 When every peaceful Eye is closed in Sleep.—
 As I forgive him, O forgive him. Lord,
 And turn his Heart to seek Thy Holy Word.

For JOHNSON'S Loss, till Death, must EMMA mourn,
 She's left this World, and will no more return :
 In early Infancy our Hearts were twin'd,
 By sacred Friendship even in Childhood join'd ;
 As Years increas'd, so still increas'd our Love,
 Which Death itself can't from my Breast remove ;
 For 'till the Time appears which marks my End,
 I'll mourn thy Loss, my gentle, lovely Friend.
 Oh ! may the Hour which joins us soon arrive,
 I'm tir'd of Grief, nor longer wish to live.

On M—j—r H—F—LL.

THO' H—f—ll's Worth no Tongue can tell,
 I love upon his Praise to dwell ;
 To paint his noble, gen'rous Mind,
 His Heart which feels for all Mankind.
 B—ll—nge I know is good and brave,
 To no mean Passion e'er a Slave ;
 Ay—t—n's good-humour'd, loyal, kind,
 Of Soul sincere and candid Mind ;
 D—h—st from every Vice is free,
 The same good Cl — es is said of thee ;
 R—w—y each Danger doth despise ;
 B—w—th is gentle, brave, and wise ;
 But in the gallant M-j-r's Mind
 Are these heroic Virtues join'd.—
 To him each earthly Joy be given,
 And endless Happiness in Heaven.

Acrostick on Mr.

Great Power to whom united Nations bend,
 O-h save the lovely Wanderer and befriend;
 Rend not my Heart with Loss of him, but give
 Strict Charge to the rude Winds that he may live,
 Through every Danger, and safe home arrive. }

On the Dutcheſs of D—V—SHIRE.

SINCE every Beauty of the Mind,
 A faultleſs Form and Face,
 In fair DEVONIA are combin'd,
 How juſt her Title GRACE.

Each Nymph with *Venus* is enroll'd,
 Or takes *Minerva's* Place,
 A fairer, wiſer Nymph behold
 In DEVON's blooming GRACE.

The Memory of the *Cyprian* Queen,
 Let brighter Charms efface,
 And much ſuperior Charms are ſeen
 In her enchanting GRACE.

Let *Pallas* yield fair Wiſdom's Prize,
 To one of *Marlbrough's* Race,
 None boatts ſuch Wit, ſuch ſparkling Eyes,
 As fair DEVONIA's GRACE.

Brave *Rodney's* Soul no Danger can appall,
 Alike he scorns the *Spaniard* and the *Gaul*;
Iberia mourn, and faithless *Gallia* weep,
Britain will ever rule the mighty Deep.
 Our youthful Prince and *Rodney's* loyal Band,
 Will Triumph fix on *Albion's* happy Land.

Intended for EMMA's Epitaph.

Now free'd from earthly Care in Dust I lie;
 You view my Grave with an indifferent Eye,
 Read o'er my Name perhaps with careless Air,
 Nor on my Ashes drop one friendly Tear. —
 May Heaven your Soul with so much Worth supply,
 That all the World may grieve when you shall die.

The Royal *CHARLOTTE's* free from Vice or Pride,
 Virtue does all the Fair One's Actions guide;
 Tho' in a Palace, not ashamed to prove,
 The tender Care of fond maternal Love.
 Behold her with her smiling Prattlers round!
 Say where on Earth so rare a Sight is found.
 Each blooming Cherub may kind Heaven spare,
 To bless their Royal Mother's tender Care.

Splendor, Wit, nor noble Birth,
 Can our latest Hour delay,
 We must mix again with Earth,
 Then prepare for that dread Day.

Those who Honor's Laws despise,
 Heroes who their Country grace;
 The Gravest and the Gayest dies,
 The fairest and the foulest Face.

Virtue alone true Joys can give,
 VIRTUE'S Children ne'er expire,
 But in Bliss will ever live;
 Seek then Virtue's sacred Fire.

To Miss G——N,

*On her saying she was surprized to see the Authoreſs
 low-spirited.*

Is it strange, dear Molly, my Spirits are lost,
 In Love and in Friendship and Fortune I'm cross'd,
 My Child too is dead, of my ALL I'm bereft;
 You might wonder indeed was my GAIETY left.

O how sweet the Shepherd's Life,
 Stranger to all Noise or Strife;
 With the Fair he loves he's blest,
 Enjoying Peace, Content, and Rest:

Pickle Fortune's wanton Smile,
 Never can his Joys beguile;
 Ne'er to him a Change is known
 By her Favor or her Frown.—
 See yon rural Pair, who prove
 Constancy and mutual Love:
 See them wander o'er the Fields,
 Where blooming Flowers their Fragrance yeilds,
 O'er the Valleys, Meads, and Rocks,
 See them tend their snowy Flocks:
 Where they lead they chearful go,
 Void of Care or Pain or Woe:
 Ne'er by envious Hate distressed,
 Calumny ne'er breaks their Rest;
 Still content to live or die,
 Conscions Guilt ne'er makes them sigh.

To Miss H—R—S.

In a fair Face let other Nymphs excel,
 Thy Boast, dear Maid, is bearing Sorrow well:
 From Nature doth a beauteous Form proceed,
 But Fortitude like thine is Worth indeed,

Alas! how oft' within this shady Grove,
 Where Lambkins play and lovely Flowers blow,
 Has faithless *Corin* vow'd he'd constant prove,
 'Till Birds forgot to sing and Streams to flow.

How oft' has he the warmest Flame profess'd,
 And told his flatt'ring too persuasive Tale,
 Till his soft Words had won my easy Breast,
 To flight for him young *Strephon* of the Dale.

Say why, inconstant Swain, didst thou deceive
 A Heart devoted all to Love and Thee;
 Why did I e'er thy soothing Words believe,
 Why with another does my *Corin* flee?

Ah, hapless Day! when at the rural Dance,
 The fair *Jemima* first approach'd the Green,
 How did my Shepherd gaze at her Advance,
 And vow'd the Nymph excell'd the *Cyprian* Queen.

Deluded Youth, I fear too soon you'll prove,
 No Vows of Truth the fair Coquet can bind;
 Too late you'll wish you'd priz'd your *Emma's* Love,
 Whose only Beauty is a constant Mind.

To DAMON.

SAY, gentle *Damon*, if in busy Day,
 A Thought of *Emma's* Sorrows can intrude,
 To Me does Mem'ry ever kindly stray,
 Do'st thou e'er think of my sad Solitude,
 Or if when on thy Pillow's Down reclin'd,
 Does Fancy ever wing its airy Flight,
 Say is thy *Emma* present to thy Mind,
 Who thinks of Thee from Morn till gloomy Night.

On the Death of Capt. R—H—D.

IF manly Beauty and a Soul sincere,
 If every Virtue which the Heart holds dear ;
 If finest Sense, without conceited Pride,
 Could save from Death, dear R—H—D had not dy'd.
 R—H—D the Good, the Gentle, and the Brave,
 At *Inverleith* has found an early Grave. —
 Peace to his gentle Shade and endless Rest,
 With every Heav'nly Good may he be blest.

May Peace and Health attend B—g—e and Flowrets
 strew his Road,
 And when he must depart this Life may Heaven be his
 Abode,
 There, freed from ev'ry envious Foe, to purest Joys
 he'll rise,
 With his Creator's Favor blest'd in Holy Paradise.

No longer of Love will I sing,
 Or to *Corin* address my fond Lays,
 I'll tell the Delights of the Spring,
 And the bountiful Giver will praise,
 Be thankful and humble O Man,
 Each Good does JEHOVAH afford,
 With Flowers he strews this short Span,
 The greatest of Kings is the LORD,

Each Hill and each Meadow is gay,
 Adorn'd with the fairest of Flowers,
 The Warblers all sing on the Spray,
 On us GOD each Benefit showers :
 He sends in due Season the Rain,
 And the Earth gives her Fruit in rich Hoards ;
 For the Flowers, the Herbs, and the Grain,
 We will praise Thee, O Mightiest of LORDS.

 The Lambkins now frolick and play,
 And charm with their innocent Bleat,
 'Tis their Maker who bids them be gay,
 And His Praises they strive to repeat :
 Hark, yon Linnet, whose sweet-warbling Throat,
 A Lesson most useful affords,
 He praises his GOD in each Note,
 His sweetest of Songs are the LORD'S.

 Each Fish, every Stream, and each Tree,
 Each Insect, and ev'ry green Leaf,
 All owe their rich Beauties to Thee,
 And may strengthen thy Servants Belief :
 To Thee all our Beings we owe,
 By Thee, Earth with Wonders is stor'd,
 All join Thy great Wisdom to show,
 All we have we receive from the LORD.

 Thou gav'st his rich Beams to the Sun,
 Thou commandest pale Luna to shine,
 As You order each Planet must run,
 The Stars own their Maker divine :

Thou speak'st and the Day swiftly flies,
 The Evening appears at Thy Word,
 You nod and the Morning must rise,
 Obeying the Will of the LORD.

Since each Good He on Man doth bestow,
 To His Glory an Altar we'll raise,
 While our Bosoms with Gratitude glow,
 We'll sing pious Songs in His Praise.
 He guards us in Darkness and Sleep,
 And blesses each temperate Board,
 His Servants in Safety will keep ;
 All GLORY and PRAISE to the LORD !

To Miss O——E,
On the Death of her MOTHER.

A Loss like this demands a plaintive Muse,
 Whose soothing Song our piercing Anguish turns
 To useful Thought,——Say, can the Nine refuse
 To aid the Strain when fair *Matilda* mourns.
 To the lov'd Mem'ry of a Parent dear,
 See the sweet Mourner drop the duteous Tear.
 Come, sacred Friendship, thine's the Service due,
 With softest Sounds to ease the drooping Heart,
 Blest Office, well becoming Friendship true,
 To lighten Grief and Comfort to impart ;
 Guide thou my Pen, impress each well-meant Line
 In her dear Mind, whose every Care is mine.

Fair Wisdom beam'd in good *Honoria's* Mind,
 Her Temper humble, gentle and serene,
 Her Heart felt ev'ry Woe of Human-kind,
 Each social Virtue in her Life was seen;
 Conscience her latest Moments did befriend,
 And Resignation crown'd her happy End.

But say, my Muse, what 'tis for such to die;
 Is it, O painful Thought! to be no more;
 Must they amidst the Dust for ever lie;
 Must we for ever their sad Loss deplore:
 Oh no, fair Virtue's Children never die;
 Religion leads to Immortality.

Invocation to MELANCHOLY.

HAIL MELANCHOLY! sober Guest!
 Come fix thy Seat in *EMMA's* Breast:
 Far from my Soul be worldly Joys,
 Which ev'ry fickle Change destroys.
 In some far distant lonely Cell,
 With thee, sweet Nymph, would *EMMA* dwell;
 Nor would I e'er return again
 To Towns or busy Haunts of Men.

Ye Virgins attend to my Lay,
 And join me in blaming my Swain,
 Who leaves me to Sorrow a Prey,
 And flies to a far distant Plain:

If you ever would list to my Song,
 If my Friendship is worthy your Care,
 If my Being you wish to prolong,
 Assist me in finding my Dear.

This Day gentle *Colin's* soft Woes are all o'er,
 The Priest makes fair *Gloe* his own,
 His Passion neglected he now sees no more,
 But's blest as the King on his Throne.

May *Hymen* this Couple thro' Life still befriend,
 And guard them from every Snare ;
 May Bliss and Content on their Footsteps attend,
 And free them from Sorrow and Care.

Was I woo'd to be the Bride
 Of some glorious Eastern King,
 I'd not leave my *Damon's* Side :
 He, whose Praise so oft' I sing.

Could I for my faithful Heart,
 All the Wealth of *India* gain,
 From my Love I would not part,
 Or give *Damon's* Bosom Pain.

Jewels sparkling like the Morn,
 Could not give a Joy to me,
 Tho' they might my Drefs adorn,
 Was I, *Damon*, torn from Thee,

Could the World become my Prize,
 If my faithful Swain I'd shun,
 I'd the tempting Bait despise,
 Nor from *Damon's Arms* be won.

What is *Grandeur*, what is *Wealth*,
 Which the World so much approve,
 All I wish is Peace and Health,
Orme's fond Friendship, *Damon's Love*,

I'm tir'd of Life, and Life's delusive Joys;
 The Pleasure here my sicken'd Fancy cloy;
 Bliss in a better World I hope to have,
 But none expect while on this Side the Grave.

To Miss O——E.

THE Shepherds where-ever I stray,
 All praise thee my ever-dear Friend:
 Resent not this Pastoral Lay,
 Our Swains never mean to offend.

Your Eyes as the Dew-Drop are bright,
 Young *Daphnis* will often declare;
 Your Neck than the Lilly more white,
 With Roses your Cheeks may compare.

To the Cherry he points for your Lip,
 And cries was I chang'd to a Bee,
 No Flowers no Herbs would I sip,
 The Mouth of *Matilda* for me.

Such Hands, such a Shape, such a Mien,
 Such Wit and a Soul so refin'd,
 Since the Days of the *Cyprian* Queen,
 Were never in one sure combin'd.

Then cruel *Matilda* relent,
 And banish your Coynels and Pride,
 Or too late my dear Friend may repent,
 When for her young *Daphnis* has died.

Fly swift ye Hours, ye Minutes faster move,
 'Till I again behold my gentle Love.

E L E G Y.

THE Sun retires, and now approaches Night,
 To charm the World fair *Luna's* Beams appear,
 And Stars unnumber'd, grand Majestick Sight!
 Eve's the fit Season for the Lover's Tear.

Hail sober Evening! hail the midnight Gloom!
 More pleasing to my Sight than jocund Day,
 How sweet to scent the Rose's rich Perfume,
 And view its Beauties by bright *Luna's* Ray,

The Shepherd sleeps beneath his humble Cot,
 No racking Cares disturb his calm Repose;
 His *Delia's* Cruelty is now forgot,
 But Sleep abandons hapless *EMMA's* Woes.

What Language shall I find to shew my Grief,
 Or how my anxious Cares and Sorrows tell :
 Come, tedious Death, and give thy blest Relief,
 Ah, wou'd for me was toll'd yon midnight Bell.
 Hark ! there's the Screech-Owl, Bird of sullen Note !
 She screams aloud her Sorrows to the Night ;
 Not all the direful Horrors of thy Throat,
 Can the sad Breast of Misery affright,
 Sweet to my Ears as is the Lark's shrill Voice,
 Or as the tuneful Thrush's mirthful Strain ;
 Those could not make my wounded Breast rejoice.
 For Sounds like thine suit best with EMMA's Pain,
 How vain is Eloquence to conquer Love,
 My DAMON till Life ends I must adore ;
 Stern Prudence chides, her Reasons I approve ;
 I see the dear one, and I love him more.
 His Heart I ask not, would he be my Friend,
 Grief would not blast me in Life's early Bloom ;
 But if he scorns soft Pity to extend,
 Prepare, ye gentle Nymphs, your EMMA's Tomb.
 And that my hapless Passion may be known,
 That fatal Flame which nought on Earth could cure,
 Write this short Verse upon the humble Stone,
 That all may shun the Ills I now endure.
 " Here doth the hapless injur'd EMMA sleep,
 " A Prey to slighted Love and sad Despair :
 " Ah ! view her early Grave, ye Fair, and weep ;
 " Give to her Woes a sympathizing Tear."

Then, when all Life from EMMA's Breast is fled,
 My Fate may raise Compassion in my Swain,
 And if he weeps when in the Dust I'm laid,
 My Shade will rest in Peace, nor e'er complain.

On hearing Miss F—DYCE sing.

SWEET are thy Notes enchanting *Philomel*,
 But *Stella's* vocal Powers e'en thine excel.
 No more I'll list to thee in sober Night,
 Dear *Stella's* Voice affords me more Delight:
 Cease then thy rival Song, sweet Mourner, cease,
 My lovely Friend can charm the World to Peace.

To DAMON.

NO other can my Heart subdue,
 To Love and gentle *Damon* true:
Damon, the dearest, loveliest Swain
 That e'er adorn'd the verdant Plain;
 With him in humble Cot or Cell,
 Contented would his *Emma* dwell;
 With him could in a Forest rest,
 If he was near, secure and blest.
 No other Swain I'll ever love,
 But constant to my *Damon* prove,

Heaven requires a steadfast Heart,
 In which no Evil bears a part;
 Yet may the Soul that gives Offence
 Be clear'd again by Penitence;
 And like the Snow be pure and white,
 And pleasing in its Maker's Sight.

M A Y.

BEhold fair *SPRING* again adorns the Plain,
 And *Flora* scatters *Flowers* for every Swain :
 The blushing *Rose*, with which no *Flower* can vie;
 The gaudy *Tulip's* Colours please the *Eye* :
 See by yon *Hedge* the humble *Violet* blow,
 Whilst round the *Banks* the scarlet *Poppies* glow ;
 The *Daffodils* and *Primroses* delight,
 And *Jessamine* enchants both *Smell* and *Sight* :
 The modest *Lilly* of the *Vale* appears,
 And fair *Auricula* in dewy *Tears* ;
 The *Beau Ranuncula* come forth most gay,
 And bright *Anemonies* their *Charms* display :
 The snowy *Lilly* scents the verdant *Dale*,
 And dappled *Pinks* enrich the passing *Gale* ;
Carnations, *Cowslips*, *Daisies*, all unite
 Their various *Hues* to please the *Gazer's* *Sight*.
 Of these will *Emma* a gay *Garland* make,
Damon will prize it for his *Emma's* *Sake* :
 With him I'll fondly rove, and join to sing
 Praise to *JEHOVAH* for enchanting *SPRING*.

To D A M O N.

When shall I see Thee, gentle, generous Youth,
 Possess'd of Honour, Constancy, and Truth :
 So in my Mind I fondly picture Thee,
 True as Myself, and as I'll ever be.

TO DAMON.

SURE *Emma* loves her gentle *Damon* more
 Than any Nymph a Shepherd lov'd before :
 More than our Sovereign doth his Subjects love,
 More than the good fair *Charlotte's* Deeds approve ;
 More than the Royal *Henry* loves to fight ;
 Or *Saville* does in generous Acts delight ;
 More than wife *Barre* hates a venal Slave,
 Or *Shelburne* wishes *Albion's* Isle to save ;
 More than *Lyfander* loves his only Son,
 More than brave *Clinton* loves a Battle won ;
 More than the *Spaniards* love a boasting Story ;
 More than *Cornwallis* prizes *England's* Glory ;
 More than false *Gallia* scorns each Law divine,
 And more than Heaven applauds the brave *Burgoyné* ;
 More than his Country's Good can *Richmond* move,
 Or *Rockingham* fair Freedom's Cause approve ;
 More than the witty *Dunning* charms the Ear,
 And more than *Mawbey* holds *Britannia* dear ;
 More than the artful *Dutchman* is despised,
 Or Nature's Beauties are by *Lever* priz'd ;
 More than dear *Burke* adheres to *Britain's* Cause,
 Or noble *Montague* to Virtue's Laws ;
 More than the candid *Fox* abhors Disguise,
 More than the World my *Damon's* Love I prize.

To Miss W——.

YOU say you wish to know a Cure for Care :
 The soothing Balm is found in ardent Prayer ;
 Trusting in God can heal severest Grief ;
 His Mercy best affords the wish'd Relief :
 Be patient and resign'd, on Heaven depend,
 And soon you'll find your God the truest Friend :
 Far from your Breast let sad Despair be driven,
 And hope for happier Days from bounteous Heaven.

Adieu to Peace, no more my Muse shall sing,
 The various Beauties of enchanting Spring ;
 My only Subject now, alas ! must be
 Of cruel Fate that parts my Love and me.

No more the blooming Flowers can yield Delight,
 Nor jocund Morn, nor peaceful sober Night ;
 No Object now can fill my Mind with Glee,
 Since cruel Fortune parts my Love and Me.

No Joy I feel since lovely *Damon's* gone,
 I wander thro' the shady Grove alone,
 With Sorrow every pleasing Place I see,
 O Fortune, soon return my Love to me.

ON CONTENTMENT.

HAIL sweet Content ! blest Source of Peace !
 Whose Presence makes each Sorrow cease,
 And soothes the Brow of Care ;
 Say, in what Climate is thy Home ;
 O say, that I may quickly roam,
 And fly from sad Despair.

In vain the Miser heaps up Wealth,
 In vain the purple Tide of Health
 May paint the Virgin's Cheek ;
 The Shepherd views with Scorn his Cot,
 The wretched Courtier hates his Lot,
 If thou art still to seek !

But blest with Thee, even Pain can charm,
 Thy Aid can Death's sharp Sting disarm,
 All Woes before thee fly :
 Thou in the guiltless Breast will stay,
 Nor leave them when they quit this Clay,
 But waft them to the Sky.

On the Death of Capt. W——.

BEGIN my artless Muse thy humble Verse,
 Young Edwin's Virtues and his Death rehearse,
 Tell how he bore with Patience all his Woes,
 Till Death arriv'd and gave the wish'd Repose :

With racking Pain and injur'd Love oppress,
 He murmur'd not, but wish'd to be at Rest.
 Blest be his Soul, his Mem'ry will I keep
 Within my Breast 'till in the Grave I sleep.

LORD whilst I smart the Child of Sorrow here,
 Thy gracious Aid unto my Soul impart,
 To heal each Woe and check each rising Tear,
 And with thy blest'd Assistance cheer my Heart;
 Then tho' around me Storms and Tempests threat,
 Tho' I experience sharp Affliction's Rod,
 My Hopes shall rise to thy eternal Seat,
 And my glad Soul confide in Thee my GOD.

Let none depend on youthful Bloom;
 The budding Flower oft feeds the Tomb;
 The Child and Parent both must die,
 Alike must meet Eternity:
 The present Moment therefore prize,
 You perhaps may be the next that dies.

On MIRTH.

HAIL Queen of Transport! Foe to sad Despair!
 Thou Friend to Joy, thou Banisher of Care!
 How shall the Muse thy wondrous Charms display,
 Or paint thee as thou shin'st, in Colours gay:
 By thee a Change in every Object's made,
 Each Hill, each Dale, in livelier Green's array'd;

The Streams by thee in softer Murmurs flow;
 When thou art near the Flowers fairer blow:
 Pain at thy Presence feels a transient Ease,
 Thy gay Approach can make a Desert please:
 Chains lose their Weight, and pining Poverty
 Assumes a Smile whene'er she meets with thee.
 Hence then pale Sorrow, hence corroding Care,
 Let every guiltless Soul for Mirth prepare;
 For harmless Mirth such Joy, such Pleasure brings,
 As far excels the thorny Paths of Kings.

Since once to die is ev'ry Mortal's Fate,
 May all repent their Sins e'er 'tis too late,
 Lest we experience the eternal Rod,
 And feel the Vengeance of an angry God.

I range thro' the Meadows in Woe,
 Or to the low Vallies repair,
 No Peace or Contentment I know,
 Alas! I am doom'd to Despair.
 No Nymph was so happy or gay,
 I wish'd not for Splendor or State,
 When with *Damon* I pass'd the long Day
 I pity'd the Rich and the Great.
 But now sad and pensive I walk,
 And whilst I each Misery feel,
 To the Streams and the Lambkins I talk,
 And none of my Sorrows conceal.

No more do I join in the Song,
 For lost is the Joy of my Heart,
 My Hours in Grief pass along ;
 Ah ! *Damon* why didst thou depart.

Adieu my Babe, adieu my *Arabel*,
 Thou knew no Sin, and now in Heaven doth dwell ;
 Thy Lot I envy, oh ! my happy child !
 Whom Sin seduced not, nor whom Fraud beguil'd.

On E N V Y.

HENCE Child of Malice, chearful Virtue's Foe,
 Who robs Contentment of her golden Crown ;
 No more in Man's unhappy Bosom glow,
 Thou Enemy to Honor and Renown.

Hence to the Shades below, from Earth depart,
 And leave the chearful Realms of Peace and Day ;
 Ne'er taint a loyal generous *Briton*'s Heart,
 Nor by thy Falshoods make our Joys decay.

But if on Earth thou still a Home must find,
 Yet stain not with thy Crimes fair *Albion*'s Name,
 Dwell in a *Gallic* or *Iberian* Mind,
 But rob not us of Happiness or Fame.

Let Truth the gentle Virgin's Worth reveal,
 Cease thou to prey upon the Hero's Breast,
 Nor strive the Christian's Actions to conceal,
 Nor be the Lordly-great of thee posselt.

No more pollute the glad Abode of Man;
 Nor fill his Bosom with thy barb'rous Rage,
 Hence, with DESPAIR and SORROW pale and wan,
 And by thy Absence bless a happy Age.

Away bright Sun, thou yield'st me no Delight;
 Come, lovely *Luna*, bring the welcome Night:
 When all is hush'd and lock'd in soft Repose,
 Then *Damon's* Converse heals his *Emma's* Woes.
 Come, sober Eve, and banish all my Grief:
 Rise, Queen of Night, and give my Breast Relief.
 Hatful to me appears the Glare of Noon;
 More beauteous far the bright unclouded Moon.
 O all ye Powers! who constant Minds protect,
 Ne'er let my *Damon* treat me with Neglect,
 Or with his Coldness wound my faithful Breast,
 But make me in his Love supremely blest.

When Life and Sorrow shall be o'er;
 When Pain nor Sin can wound us more;
 When this short fleeting Breath is fled,
 And the loud Trump shall raise the Dead,
 Then shall the Just, thro' CHRIST, rejoice,
 Transported hear their Maker's Voice,
 When with these happy Words they're blest,
 "Come Faithful Servants into Rest;
 "Henceforth is Heaven your bright Abode,
 "Dwell with your FATHER, KING; and GOD."

Wrote in WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

WHO can behold, without a pensive Sigh,
 How low Kings, Princes, Statesmen, Heroes lie.
 Alas! these Bones, poor loathsome mould'ring Things,
 Were titled Peers perhaps, or once crown'd Kings:
 This Bone have held the Sceptre of the Land;
 This Heap of Clay might once the Realm command.
 And yonder rests a Queen who could delight
 With blooming Charms each fond Beholder's Sight.
 Ah! what an awful Alteration's here,
 Nothing but Dust and Ashes now appear!
 Sure it must check the haughtiest Mortal's Pride,
 To think how great these were, and yet they died.
 Say where are now the Joys a Court cou'd give:
 Their Pomp their Splendor ceas'd with them to live.--
 Two lovely Princes sleep in yonder Tomb,
 Who from a cruel Kinsman met their Doom:
 Dear spotless Angels, now in endless Rest,
 Of heavenly Joys and smiling Peace possess'd.
 Yonder a King—here his Deposer lies,
 Alike to Death they fell a Sacrifice:
 Now Fear and Jealousy have left each Breast,
 Like Friends, their Ashes near each other rest.
 Who that beholds the hapless Cornwall's Bust,
 In Wealth or Splendor's boasted Joys can trust.
 Ah! *Wolfe* sleeps here; but *Emma's* artless Pen
 Can ne'er describe that bravest, best of Men.

Here stop, nor farther stray, my simple Muse,
 Soar not above thy Heighth with daring Views:
 All you who wish to shed Reflection's Tear,
 Hasten to *Wolfe's* sad Tomb, and drop it there.

To Mrs. L.—D.

SINCE my dear *Kitty* now is made a Bride,
 With double Care your Conduct you must guide:
 Each Thought, each Action of your future Life
 Must be, What best befits a virtuous Wife:
 Your *Edward's* Pleasure must your Thoughts employ,
 And every childish Act, dear Girl, lay by.
 This, since a Bride, my Study I have made,
 And tho' I am so cruelly repaid,
 Yet, as to please I've ever done my best,
 I feel a conscious Pleasure in my Breast:
 A guiltless Mind, dear L.—d, can best impart
 Peace to an injur'd and distemper'd Heart.

Man's Life is but a Span, a Shade,
 At Morn they bloom, at Eve they fade;
 Soon as they're born begin to die,
 And soon within the Grave must lie.

Aid me, chaste *Cynthia's* silver Beam,
 And guide me thro' the Grove,
 'Till near the dear appointed Stream
 I meet my gentle Love.

Soon may I see the lovely Swain;
 The Evening's sad and still,
 While nought is heard around the Plain
 Save yonder distant Mill.

The Cottager forgets his Care,
 And on his humble Bed
 He sleeps, nor fears the Robber's Snare;
 Who scorns the homely Shed.

The little Birds in Silence rest,
 The Lambkins cease to play,
 And all's at Peace but *Emma's* Breast;
 Where, where does *Damon* stay?

Behold the Stream, th' appointed Place,
 But yet no Swain appears;
 He hides from me his lovely Face,
 And leaves me to my Fears.

Ye Stars, a hapless Nymph befriend,
 And guide me on my Way;
 To *Emma's* ardent Prayer attend,
 Nor lead my Steps astray.

Ah! now appears my brightest Star,
 My lovely Swain I see,
 I'll haste to meet him from afar:
 My Love I fly to thee.

On a FADED FLOWER.

Poor Flower! how soon do all thy Charms decline!
Thy hapless Fate is similar to mine.

At Morn you bloom'd within the shady Grove,
'Till *Corin* pass'd that Way,—my fickle Love
Feign'd to admire, and tore thee from the Stem,
At Eve despis'd what late he thought a Gem;
No longer calls thy Colours bright and gay,
But false, inconstant, throws thee quite away.—
So once the Youth pretended to adore,
With ardent Love, then left me to deplore;
And now the Rover scorns his *Emma's* Sighs,
And to each Nymph with faithless Passion flies.

On AVARICE.

CAN Wealth give Happiness? ah, no, behold,
Sir *John* how wretched midst his Heaps of Gold!
When Day declines he dreads the Approach of Night,
Lest Thieves break in and steal his Soul's Delight.
No peaceful Slumbers close the Miser's Eyes,
Alarm'd, affrighted at each distant Noise,
He tries to sleep, but soon is wak'd by Fear,
Who whispers, " Rise, some crafty Robber's near :"
Starting he listens, with a troubled Mind;
Hark! there's a Noise!—Oh, it only is the Wind:
In vain he strives his Spirits to compose,
But Morn appears without the wish'd Repose:

Rising, he swiftly to his Treasure flies;
 " Ah, me, perhaps this much-lov'd Gold," he cries,
 " When I am gone, may by my rakish Heir,
 " Be spent as eagerly as I now spare."
 Vex'd with the Thought, in pensive Mood he sits,
 Smiles on his Hoards, and weeps o'er it by Fits;
 In Grief and Anguish lingers thro' the Day,
 To Care's corroding Train a constant Prey.
 Such is Sir *John*, and thus he spends his Life,
 Despis'd by all, and curs'd with endless Strife.

To Miss G——N.

SINCE I must lose my gentle Friend,
 On her may every Good attend;
 May Peace and Health await her still,
 And Angels guard her from all Ill:
 For tho' to part is now our Doom,
 Till *Emma* sleeps within the Tomb,
 My Friendship will be most sincere,
 And *Silvia* to my Bosom dear;
 Still shall thy Goodness be my Theme;
 Still shalt thou have my best Esteem:
 Wheree'er thou goest, on that lov'd Ground
 May ev'ry Pleasure wait thee round;
 And tho' on Earth no more we meet,
 Yet may our Joys be soon compleat,
 Where parting ne'er can wound our Rest,
 And we shall be for-ever blest.

What various Instances do daily prove
 The Curse of Vice, the Joys of virtuous Love :
 The Wanton may some simple Youth allure ;
 But Virtue must the wise Man's Love secure,
 How blest the Pair whom Cupid shall unite
 In nuptial Bands ! how constant their Delight ;
 At such Misfortune aims her Shafts in vain ;
 Virtue and mutual Love can banish Pain.

INVOCATION to HOPE,

SOFT, soothing HOPE, thou Calmer of the Soul,
 Let not my Woes thy pleasing Power controul ;
 On thee alone for Comfort I depend,
 Since thus deserted by each earthly Friend ;
 On thee alone can EMMA now confide,
 O condescend my Actions all to guide.
 Thou best can Sorrows weary Hours beguile,
 Can make the Pris'ner blest, the Mourner smile ;
 Can dry the Widow's and the Orphan's Tear,
 Dispel each Sorrow and remove each Fear.
 Say, may I think thou wilt my Soul befriend,
 And to a Wretch like me thy Aid extend :
 O yes ; thy Vo'ries never can despair,
 Thy Smile supports in each perplexing Care ;
 Thou best can ease a deeply-wounded Mind ;
 Nor to this World alone's thy Power confin'd ;
 By thee assisted we to Heaven ascend,
 And taste those Pleasures which can never end.

In vain are the Hills and the Vallies so gay,
Nought pleases my Sight since my *Damon's* away ;
I list' without Joy to the Nightingale's Song,
To the Flowers methinks no gay Beauties belong ;
The innocent Lambkins unheeded pass by,
No Object can charm me 'till *Damon* is nigh.

Sent to Miss O—E with a New Year's Gift.

DEAR Miss, as Custom bids does *Emma* send,
To you her dearest, best esteemed Friend,
A New Year's-Gift, receive it as your Due,
Since 'tis to Friendship sacred and to you :
The Gift's a Trifle, but it let's you see,
Matilda ne'er can be forgot by me ;
The Verse is trifling too, but should Heav'n spare
Your Life and mine till comes another Year,
To mend both New-Year's Gift and Verse I'll strive,
Till then may you in Health and Safety live,

Attend ye gentle Powers to *Emma's* Prayer,
Still make my *Damon* your peculiar Care :
May all his Deeds be such as you approve ;
O guard from ev'ry Ill the Swain I love :
Never may he your righteous Will oppose,
But gather without Thorns each blooming Rose,
Which without Virtue sure will never be,
No guilty Pleasure can from Thorns be free.

Each has his own peculiar Ill assign'd,
 Some Pain of Body or some Weight of Mind ;
 But of our Misery we should not complain,
 Since Grief and Anguish ne'er are sent in vain ;
 For if this World with Cares was not perplex'd,
 We ne'er should think with Pleasure on the next.

On D E S P A I R.

HENCE vile Disturber, cruel, sad DESPAIR !
 Parent of Sin, and Nurse of ev'ry Care !
 Why am I thus by thee so oft' oppress'd ?
 Unfit Companion for the Christian's Breast :
 Of Ignorance and Superstition born,
 The good Man's Ridicule, the wise Man's Scorn :
 Thou Source of Sorrow, Cause of bitterest Woe ;
 Thou greatest Ill the human Breast can know :
 By thee oppress'd, each blooming Hope must fade,
 E'en Innocence by thee is guilty made :
 Possess'd of thee, each Action has a Blot,
 The fairest Thought still bears some dismal Spot :
 Hence from my Breast, hence to thy native Hell,
 And with the Wretched there for-ever dwell.

Behold what Beauties are display'd
 In dear *Matilda*, lovely Maid ;
 In whom the bounteous Fates have join'd
 Each Charm becoming Woman-kind :

Minerva's Majesty is seen
 In fair *Matilda's* graceful Mien;
 Like *Dian* chaste, and in her Face
 The *Cyprian* Queen's bright Charms we trace.

My *Johnson* thro' Life will I mourn,
 That Friend most sincere and most try'd,
 Each Day will I weep o'er thy Urn,
 Ah! wou'd I for Thee could have died.

No Bliss since thy Loss can I know,
 'Till Death nought but Grief can be mine,
 My Hours are cumber'd with Woe,
 Nor to Mirth can I ever incline.

Tho' *Orme* is most worthy my Love,
 Tho' in her each Virtue I see,
 My Bosom can never approve,
 Or esteem her, dear *Johnson*, like thee.

My *Henny*, dear *Henny*, farewell,
 O why didst thou leave me behind,
 In my Bosom thou ever shall dwell,
 And live in thy *Emma's* fond Mind.

Be calm my Soul, nor e'er repine
 At thy Creator's Will;
 Be Resignation ever mine,
 And each Complaining still:

Is not my GOD Omnipotent ?
 To HIM then I'll resign,
 In Hope I'll wait his Comfort sent :
 LORD LET THY WILL BE MINE.

On the Death of Major ANDRE.

ANDRE adieu, to thy lamented Shade
 Be every tributary Honor paid :
 Deny'd, alas ! the Soldier's brave Desire,
 The gallant Wish, in Battle to expire.
 On him who doom'd thee to a Death so vile,
 May no kind Guardian Angel ever smile ;
 On him, thro' Life, may ev'ry Woe attend,
 Then die inglorious and without a Friend ;
 While *Andre* lives in every *Briton's* Breast,
 His Fate regretted and his Ashes blest,
 Farewell ! may thy pure Soul to Heaven ascend,
 And taste those Pleasures which can never end.

When on my Pillow I'm reclin'd,
 I sooth to Peace my troubled Mind,
 Reflecting still that Grace Divine
 Is in my Choice, and Bliss is mine,
 'Tho' not in this World, in the next,
 Where I no more shall be perplex'd ;
 No more by *Corin* be deceiv'd ;
 No more of *Johnson* be bereav'd :
 But there shall be for-ever blest ;
 For-ever happy and at rest.

On ADVERSITY.

ASSIST me, O ye Powers ! to bear
 The Sorrows given to my Share ;
 To bow beneath Affliction's Rod
 Submissive, since 'tis sent from GOD ;
 'Tis true, ADVERSITY displays
 Most barren Rocks, most thorny Ways ;
 Yet let not Pleasure's wanton Smile,
 Poor Mortals easy Hearts beguile ;
 Her Precepts all are fair to Sight,
 But if we act and judge aright,
 Short we shall find the Joys of Sin ;
 Stern Conscience will a War begin
 Within each hapless Wretch's Heart
 Who does from Virtue's Laws depart ;
 While Adverse-Fortune, never gay,
 Brings us fresh Troubles every Day :
 Yet, if resign'd, we bear the Smart,
 And still possess a thankful Heart,
 Our Maker in Return will give
 Such Joys as Man could ne'er conceive ;
 Where never enter Grief or Care,
 And endless Blessings we shall share.

To L A U R A.

WHY is *Damon* in my Mind,
Thro' each tedious Night and Day,
Since he leaves the Plains behind,
And thro' distant Lands will stray.

When I saw him every Day,
And he was my constant Theme,
Then my Thoughts indeed might stay
With young *Damon* in each Dream.

But since he's no longer here,
Why is *Damon* still my Care,
Gentle Maid, 'tis Love, I fear,
To thy Friend the Truth declare,

Thou hast known fly *Cupid's* Pain,
And intend ere long to wed;
Soon will take thy darling Swain,
Young *Iysander* to thy Bed.

By the Streamlet if I rove,
Or thro' verdant Meadows stray,
All I see I disapprove,
Since young *Damon's* far away.

Once contented with her Lot,
Thro' the Day was *EMMA* blest,
Now my fleecy Care's forgot,
Grief destroys my wonted Rest.

Now I view with heedless Eyes,
 The fairest Flowers of the Grove,
 Which I used so much to prize,
 Say then, *Laura*, do I love ?

Flowers once worn in *Damon's* Breast,
 Tho' now wither'd and decay'd,
 Now I prize above the rest ;
 Is this Love, my gentle Maid ?

To Miss E. N—M—AS.

A DIEU, dear *Elly*, gentle, lovely Fair,
 May some kind Angel make my Friend his Care,
 May you increase in Bliss as Years increase,
 And your last Moment lead to endless Peace.
 Tho' I no more must dwell with thee, my Friend,
 My fondest Wishes still on thee attend :
 Till Death will *EMMA* bear her Friend in mind ;
 Sincere, good-humour'd, friendly, mild and kind :
 May you and *Sophy* live in Health and Peace,
 When *Emma's* Life and Woes together cease.

When Fortune smiles, Numbers your Converse prize,
 But if she frowns away each Flatterer flies :
 Their Friendship and Regard are quickly o'er,
 They praise, they love, they visit you no more ;
 With Fortune's Favors does their Kindness end ;
 Mortals do seldom find a steady Friend.

How happy then is *Emma* ; O how blest !
 Of dear *Matilda*'s fix'd Esteem possess'd ;
 Who lov'd when Fortune promis'd gold Store,
 And now she frowns my Friend still loves me more.

To Miss O——E.

HOW great, dear *Matilda*, the Smart,
 How cruel the Pain which I feel.
 Since I from my *Damon* must part,
 No Language my Woe can reveal.

No Time can my Sorrow remove,
 No Friend can my Misery ease,
 I must lose the dear Swain that I love,
 And nothing but Death now can please.

Hail MANCHESTER! where genuine Merit glows!
 Hail COMMERCE, with Integrity, its Guard!
 In MANCHESTER the first true Courage rose
 The First-rais'd Regiment, whom Heaven reward.

Description of a MAY MORNING.

THE Stars retire at the Approach of Morn,
 The tuneful Lark now serenades the Plain ;
 The rising Sun the Meadows now adorn,
 Whose bright Appearance wakes the rural Swain.
 Now comes with sprightly Step the Village Cock,
 He claps his Wings at the Return of Day,
 The humble Cottager's right trusty Clock,
 With chearful Note and Heart that's blyth and gay.

Sad *Philomel* forsakes the shady Grove,
 And Birds unnumber'd now begin their Strain;
 The fleecy Tenants of the Meadows rove,
 Attended by their Shepherdess and Swain.

The Dew-drop shines on yonder Damask Rose,
 And far the Diamond's boasted Blaze outvies,
 Warm'd by *Sol's* radiant Beam the Poppy glows,
 And with new Charms behold the Lilly rise.

Such are thy Joys, Bright God of jocund Day!
 Such are the Pleasures thou to Man has given,
 As Morn and Eve alternately bear Sway,
 Let thankful Mortals bow to gracious Heaven.

To Mrs. S——.

BEHOLD the rising Morn appear,
 Which ushers in another Year:
 Will you, in whose fair gentle Breast
 Good-Nature, Truth and Pity rest,
 Permit an artless humble Lay
 To hail you on this NEW YEAR'S DAY,
 And kindly deign to condescend
 A single Moment to attend
 To these weak Efforts of my Muse,
 Nor frown while you the Lines peruse.
 O may my Prayers to Heaven ascend,
 And may our great Almighty Friend
 Bid Pain and Anguish disappear,
 And Health attend you thro' the Year.

With the old Year lay Sorrow by,
 Nor in the new one heave a Sigh;
 And many another may you see
 Like this, from all Diseases free;
 'Till Truth and Virtue sorrowing view
 Old Age appear, and seize on you,
 Who by their Precepts rule your Life,
 A Foe to Calumny and Strife.
 As long as Life can Bliss afford
 May you survive, — then may the Lord
 My ardent humble Prayer attend,
 And call to Bliss my honour'd Friend.

To LEANDER.

SINCE thou wilt cross the raging Main,
 Adieu, *Leander*, lovely Swain!
 Safe may you pass the dang'rous Deep,
 May every stormy Billow sleep;
 May Fortune on your Wishes smile,
 Till you return to *Albion's* Isle;
 Soon may the Winds my Friend restore,
 Or soon may *Emma* be no more.

To Miss ORME.

YOU ask, *Matilda*, why above all Men,
 The Soldiers still employ your *Emma's* Pen;
 Because, my gentle Friend, they often prove
 Worthiest a Female's Praises and her Love;
 And trust me ORME, thro' Life they'll ever be
 My fav'rite Theme, and best belov'd by me.

In future Days no Riches I desire,
 My warmest Wishes but to this aspire,
 To gain a Soldier, brave, and blest with Sense,
 And just to have a decent Competence ;
 And if to Children *Emma* e'er gives Life,
 May each a Soldier be, or Soldier's Wife.

Lord of Heaven's eternal Throne,
 Whom Earth and Sea their Maker own,
 Teach me submissively to bear
 The Evils given to my Share.

On the Death of Miss G——E.

COME Sorrow and gloomy Despair,
 And dwell in my Bosom with Grief.
 For lost is my favorite Fair,
 And nought can afford me Relief.

I'll weep o'er *Maria's* sad Urn,
 By *Corydon's* Falshood laid low,
 For whom Truth and Piety mourn,
 Whose Loss fills my Bosom with Woe.

As I never shall see her again,
 Till Death must her *Emma* deplore ;
 No longer she graces the Plain,
 Her Cares and her Sorrows are o'er.

The Willow I'll Arew on her Grave,
 With Flowers I'll deck the dear Place,
 No Med'cine the dear one could save,
 Too early was run her short Race.

Ye innocent Virgins draw near,
 With Rev'ence behold the sad Spot,
 And drop on her Ashes a Tear,
 Nor e'er be *Maria* forgot.

Each Eve to her Grave will I come,
 When *Cynthia* shall brighten the Plain;
 Ah! would I were laid in the Tomb,
 And with my *Maria* again.

No Time, O my ever-dear Friend,
 Shall lessen thy *Emma's* fond Love;
 Till Death my sad Being shall end;
 Till I meet my *Maria* above.

Adieu, ye lofty Mountains
 Where I was wont to stray;
 Farewell ye chrystal Fountains,
 Far hence I haste away.

My *Corin's* turn'd a Rover,
 And sighs for *Nancy's* Love;
 My Joys, alas! are over
 Since he unkind does prove.

Hail, happy **BATH** ! of healing Powers possess'd,
 Soon may thy Waters ease **B—G—NE**'s pure Breast :
 May they to Him a second *Lethe* prove,
 And every Pain and anxious Thought remove.
 And of his cruel Foes, should one be there,
 His slanderous Temper change by thy clear Air ;
 Make him repent each Injury he's done
 The Hero's Fame, and be by Merit won.
 So may thy Streams still healthy flow and pure.
 And thy Fame last till Time no more endure.

In every Flower we may our Maker trace,
 Each Object shews his wondrous Power and Grace :
 Let then each Christian's Knee devoutly bend,
 Before their **GOD, CREATOR, FATHER, FRIEND.**

To CORIN.

NO Comfort my Bosom can know,
 No Pleasure can enter my Mind,
 Since thou, my dear *Corin*, must go,
 And leave thy fond *Emma* behind.

Ah ! when thou art lost to my Sight,
 And never perhaps may return,
 Say what can e'er give me Delight,
 Or make me forgetful to mourn.

My *Corin* I'll ne'er be unjust,
 No Man but thyself will I love,
 May I to Thy Constancy trust,
 That fickle you never will prove.

And since thou must leave the sweet Plain,
 And trust to the dangerous Wave,
 May *Neptune* still favor my Swain,
 And preserve from a wat'ry Grave.

May each Blessing my Soldier attend,
 Successful thro' Life may he prove,
 And may each good Angel befriend,
 And guard the dear Youth whom I love.

How happy she who never proves
 The Grief of that poor Nymph who loves ;
 No jealous Doubts, no tender Fears,
 E'er prompt her Sighs, or draw her Tears ;
 No Sorrows rack her peaceful Breast,
 But lives content and truly blest.

Would you be happy : Then be wise,
 And every tempting Sin despise :
 Religion best can cheer the Heart,
 And Comfort to the Mind impart :
 She never leads our Steps astray,
 But strews with Flowers Life's thorny Way,
 Will bless her Votary's latest Breath,
 And doubly bless them after Death.

How hard my Lot to love, but love in vain,
While *Nancy's* happy with my faithless Swain:
Vain are my Tears, and fruitlessly I mourn;
May I soon rest within a peaceful Urn;
Then when the last sad Debt of Nature's paid,
And Jealousy shall leave the unhappy Maid,
O *Corin*, since for you my Life I gave,
Drop one kind Tear upon your *Emma's* Grave.

To Mrs. W—S—N.

DEAR *Jesse* mourn thy infant Son no more;
Rather rejoice his Cares so soon are o'er:
Reflect, dear Friend, thy lovely Boy is fled
From Earth, no Guilt no Sin upon his Head;
But lively, gentle, innocent and gay,
His GOD has call'd him hence to Realms of Day,
Where Joys supreme and never-ending Bliss,
With his REDEEMER's sacred Love, are his.

To Miss O—E.

SURE none like thee, my gentle O—e,
The Mind can ease in Sorrow's Storm;
Good-humour'd, gentle, jocund, free,
Just what a faithful Friend should be.
Truth does the fair *MATILDA* guide,
And Innocence attends her Side;

Chearful, yet never gives Offence,
 Remark'd for mild Benevolence;
 Such is my *O—e.*. How much I'm blest,
 Of such a gentle Friend possess'd;
 When Sorrows vex my Soul around,
 By thy kind soothing, Ease is found,
 Nor can I ever know a Joy
 If Dear *MATILDA* is not nigh.
 Accept my Thanks indulgent Heaven
 For such a Friend as thou hast given.

Inconstant, fickle *Corin*, say,
 What Nymph now leads thy Heart astray;
 Dost thou admire *Louisa* fair,
 Or *Mira's* Shape and Raven Hair,
 Or is it *Lesbia's* azure Eyes
 That do thy wand'ring Heart surprize;
 Dost thou *Cordelia's* Sense adore,
 Or prize *Almira's* Beauty more.
 Whoe'er she be that claims thy Heart,
 I freely give her *Emma's* Part.
 Nor shall I hate, whoe'er she be,
 The Fair who steals thy Heart from me.

To Miss W—.

ELIZA if you wish to gain
 A Lover worth your Care,
 From *Daphnis* fly, the fickle Swain
 Means only to ensnare,

He but admires your Lips your Eyes,
 While *Edgar*, more refin'd,
 Admires because he sees you wise,
 And loves your spotless Mind.

With him, my much-lov'd gentle Friend,
 May real Blessings share,
 His Flame, 'till Death, will never end,
 Still he'll admire his Fair.

Since when your youthful Bloom is past,
 And Beauty's Charms are o'er,
 Your Wit and Virtue still will last
 Till Time shall be no more.

Now chearful Day gives place to Night,
 The Happy seek Repose,
 But *Emma* walks like some sad Spright,
 Oppress'd with heavy Woes.

Night but augments my piercing Grief,
 My Sorrow and my Care,
 And Sleep refuses us Relief
 To soften my Despair.

O *Corin*, 'tis for Thee I wake,
 And shed the fruitless Tear;
 Thy wicked guilty Ways forsake,
 My false, perfidious Dear.

Thy Falshood a sad Change has wrought
 In hapless *Emma's* Mind,
 To deepest Woe my Soul has brought,
 Inconstant and Unkind.

Thou once declar'd I was thy Joy,
 And Peace alone could give;
 If so, ah! why, my Peace destroy,
 And why so distant live.

O cruel Youth, with *Nancy* gay,
 You spend a guilty Life,
 From *Emma's* Arms you fly away,
 And fill her Soul with Strife.

Can nought thy wicked Deeds controul,
 Is no Repentance thine?
 Can nothing move thy harden'd Heart,
 No Arguments divine?

Was it a manly generous Part,
 Thy *Emma* to forsake;
 To lure away her wounded Heart,
 Then leave that Heart to break?

Sure Conscience will not let thee rest,
 Conscience! most dreadful Ill!
 That Foe must wound thy faithless Breast,
 And haunt thy *Nancy* still,

May Heaven in Mercy hear my Prayer,
 Soon be Repentance thine :
 And be that Penitence sincere
 'Till you must Life resign.

If any can with *Orme* compare,
 'Tis those Angelic Beings fair,
 Who dwell in endless Peace above,
 Enjoying Rest and heavenly Love.

Let FAME go forth and *Britain's* Worth resound
 Let her go tell to all the Isles around ;
 Inform perfidious *France* and haughty *Spain*
 That *Britons* scorn to wear their slavish Chain.
 Blest with a Monarch equal Good as Great,
 They crave no other Benefit of Fate,
 Than that their Happiness continued be
 In their mild Sov'reign's Life, and Liberty.
 May Heaven's upholding Aid our Nation bless,
 And ever grant the *British* Aims Success.

To Miss L—s—N.

GENTLE Maid unveil thy Woes,
 Them into my Bosom pour,
 If thy Grievs thou wilt disclose,
 Half thy Peace it will restore.

But, My Friend, I'll spare the Task;
 All thy Pains does *Emma* prove,
 Thy Complaint I need not ask,
 Since I know it springs from Love.

Man surely must by Nature be design'd,
 The Curse and Torment of the Female-Kind;
 Humble whilst Lovers, but they quickly vary,
 And Tyrants prove when we consent to marry.

To CORIN.

AID me, ye Nine, in softest Strains to move,
 The cruel Spoiler of my bleeding Heart;
 Teach me his fix'd Indifference to remove,
 And to his careless Breast my Woes impart.

Say, cruel Youth, have I deserved your Hate,
 Did I from Duty's Paths e'er turn aside;
 Why am I left to mourn my hapless Fate:
 Ah! wou'd the Hour you left me I had died.

If e'er thy Fondness could in *Emma* see,
 Ought that could please or thy Affection move,
 At any Time if I was dear to thee,
 Why from my Arms do you so far remove,

Perhaps fell Calumny's unhallow'd Hate,
 May tell thee I from Virtue's Precepts flee:
 To taste the heavenly Joys be ne'er my Fate;
 If from such Guilt my Bosom be not free.

Was I disposed to make thy Follies known,
 Too well thou know'st how deeply-black their Dye :
 But no : I seek to move thy Love alone ;
 That Love which thou can'st, cruel Youth, deny.

Too well you know when Wedlock's Bands had join'd
 Our plighted Hands, I strove to keep your Heart ;
 But you to lawless vicious Ways resign'd,
 Soon from my Arms to Wantons did depart.

Can'st thou asperse thy hapless EMMA's Truth ?
 O yes ! with all my Foes thou dost combine ;
 And with malicious Tales, too cruel Youth,
 Make all approve thy Deeds and blemish mine.

Well, be it so, tho' it is hard to bear,
 From Thee, who ought to be my truest Friend ;
 Who should protect me from each Woe and Care,
 And whom, Heaven knows, I mean not to offend.

All that is o'er by EMMA is forgiven,
 Nor will I e'er reproach Thee for what's past ;
 May thou obtain Forgiveness too from Heaven,
 And may Repentance bow thy Soul at last.

Age has not chang'd my Form, tho' frequent Tears
 And all the Woos, alas ! with which I pine,
 Have made me old, yet I am young in Years,
 And bound to thee for Life by Ties divine.

Why then thus leave me to corroding Care ;

Canst thou of my upbraiding thee complain ?

Ah no: oft' did I hide the falling Tear,

And with dissembled Smiles disguise my Pain.

You'll urge, perhaps, in tender youthful Years,

I with Reluctance took thy offer'd Hand,

And for another pour'd the frequent Tear,

Nor yeilded to thy Arms by Love's Command.

Yet torn from him whom then I valu'd most,

Did I to thee with cold Neglect behave ;

No ; quick I banish'd the dear Man I'd lost,

Far from my Breast, and bow'd stern Duty's Slave.

Say then, if *Emma's* Fondness can displease :

Wilt thou to me thy wand'ring Heart restore ?

If not, may the cold Grave soon give me Ease,

And may thy hated Bondage soon be o'er.

But yet reflect, an awful Day must come,

When He who judges All, our Cause must try ;

E'er then too late, prepare to meet thy Doom,

And make your Peace with God before you die.

In Winter all my Heart's Desire,

Is a clean House and chearful Fire ;

A Heart from Care and Envy free,

A faithful Friend, my *Orme*, like thee :

These are the Riches *Emma* wants,

And these all-bounteous Heaven grants.

On PENITENCE.

O Thou ' the Sinner's best Concern!
 Who teacheth Mortals to discern
 The Ways of Piety and Peace,
 And leads us to eternal Bliss:
 By Thee our Sorrows we remove,
 Thou lead'st us to our Maker's Love.
 By thy kind Aid, when Life shall cease,
 The Wretch may hope for Joy and Peace,
 The Sick be heal'd, the Weary rest,
 No more with conscious Guilt oppress'd:
 There Sorrow ceases, and all Fear;
 There wiped away is every Tear.
 Then near our dear REDEEMER's Side,
 We dwell with Him who for us died;
 Who every Blessing does afford;
 Whose Name for-ever be ador'd,
 By Angels who before him bow,
 By Saints above, by Man below.

Wrote on seeing Prince WILLIAM HENRY.

HAIL lovely Youth! *Britannia's* Hope and Pride,
 May Victory o'er all thy Steps preside;
 Long may the Laurel Wreath thy Brow adorn,
 Blest with true Courage in Life's early Morn:
 Thy Presence every loyal *Briton* charms.
 Thy Deeds e'en Envy's poison'd Sting disarms.

Ye sacred Powers who protect this Isle,
 Deign once again on *Britain's* Sons to smile ;
 Our Heroes save from Death by foreign Arm,
 And worse than Death, the Slanderer's Tongue disarm ;
 Grant that our Troubles soon may find Redress,
 Protect his People and our Monarch bless ;
 Give him long Life and Peace, that he may see
 His Subjects joined again in Amity :
 Long has fair Freedom dwelt on *British* Ground,
 O grant she may for-ever there be found.

To EDWIN.

You chide me when I am not gay ;
 I'm never sad when you're away :
 Your Presence causes all my Pain ;
 Of that alone do I complain,

On the Marriage of Mr. H and Miss L—.

HASTE ye Nymph's and Shepherds gay,
 Haste and hail the happy Day ;
 Cast all Grief and Care aside,
 Molly now is *Henry's* Bride.
 Every gentle Power be near,
 Bless the lovely faithful Pair ;
 Haste ye Nymphs and Shepherds gay,
 Haste, and hail the happy Day.

On the Death of a young Gentleman.

YE wife, ye gentle Friends to Virtue mourn,
 In sacred Sorrow round *Leander's* Urn :
 In softest Language his sad Loss deplore ;
 The best of Friends and Brothers is no more !
 Where now is fled his Eloquence and Ease ?
 That soothing Voice is hush'd, so form'd to please ;
 Possess'd of ev'ry Charm of Form and Mind ;
 The noblest, gentlest of the Human-kind :
 Yet all his Worth *Leander* could not save,
 He fell in Youth a Victim to the Grave.
 But now my much-lov'd Friend pure Bliss is thine,
 In Heaven partaking Happiness divine.

The CONTRAST.

THE gentle *Clara* boasts no perfect Grace,
 No Rose, no Lilly, harbours on her Face :
 How worthless Beauty's Charms, since in her Mind,
 Are Charity, Religion, Friendship join'd.
 The Beaus admire when *Gelia* fair appears,
 While *Clara's* Goodness every one endears ;
 Her gentle Converse sets each Mind at Ease,
Gelia's foul Slanders all the Good displease :
 She swells each envious Tale with sounding Voice,
 And o'er a Sister's Frailty will rejoice,
 While *Clara* mourns for all who go astray,
 And leave fair Virtue and Discretion's Way.

Celia to no good Heart can e'er be dear,
 But generous *Clara* all the Wise revere :
 Her want of Beauty never makes her grieve,
 Content in Peace and Piety to live ;
 Whilst *Celia's* scorn'd with all her boasted Charms,
 Her envious Mind her Beauty's Power disarms.

To Miss L——.

YOU smile whenever I commend,
 Yet still you are not *Emma's* Friend :
 My Friend, dear Girl, you ought to be,
 Since I your Charms so clearly see.
 What tho' my gentle *Lucy's* Eyes
 No Lovers tender Hearts surprize,
 Yet Friendship makes me think your Form
 As fair as that of lovely *Orme* :
 I praise your Wit, my Hearers sneer,
 And say, I surely mean to jeer ;
 Yet still in you each Grace I find,
 And must to love you be inclin'd :
 Your Friendship would be *Emma's* Boast ;
 Then let not all my Hopes be cross'd ;
 No Female shall my Truth excel,
 Or love dear *Lucy* half so well,

Behold yonder innocent Lambkins at play,
 How lovely and fragrant the gay Woodbine Bowers,
 How fair is the Season, how cheerful is MAY,
 Which decks ev'ry Valley and Meadow with Flow'rs.

To DAMON.

THY Image in my Mind I keep,
 In busy Day or silent Sleep,
 My Thoughts on thee attend ;
 Each other Form is left behind,
 You still appear to *Emma's* Mind,
 My Lover and my Friend.

FAREWELL to LOVE.

THANK Heaven my Bosom is at Peace again,
 Nor longer shall I sigh thro' *Cupid's* Pain ;
 From his keen Darts my Heart again is free,
 And I exult in Ease and Liberty :
 I wake to Joy, freed from a galling Chain,
 Releas'd from Sorrow and corroding Pain :
 No longer *Corin's* Cruelty I fear,
 No more his once-lov'd Name delights my Ear ;
 No more thro' each long tedious Night I weep,
 Nor does thy Image haunt my tranquil Sleep ;
 When Morn returns in Peace and Health I wake,
 Nor of my Thoughts does *Corin* now partake :
 I'm happy and serene tho' far you roam,
 Nor shall I grieve that *Nancy* decks your Home :
 May no Inconstancy your Mind misguide,
 May you contented with her still abide :
 Now I can see without Love's tender Smart,
Nancy Possessor of thy faithless Heart.

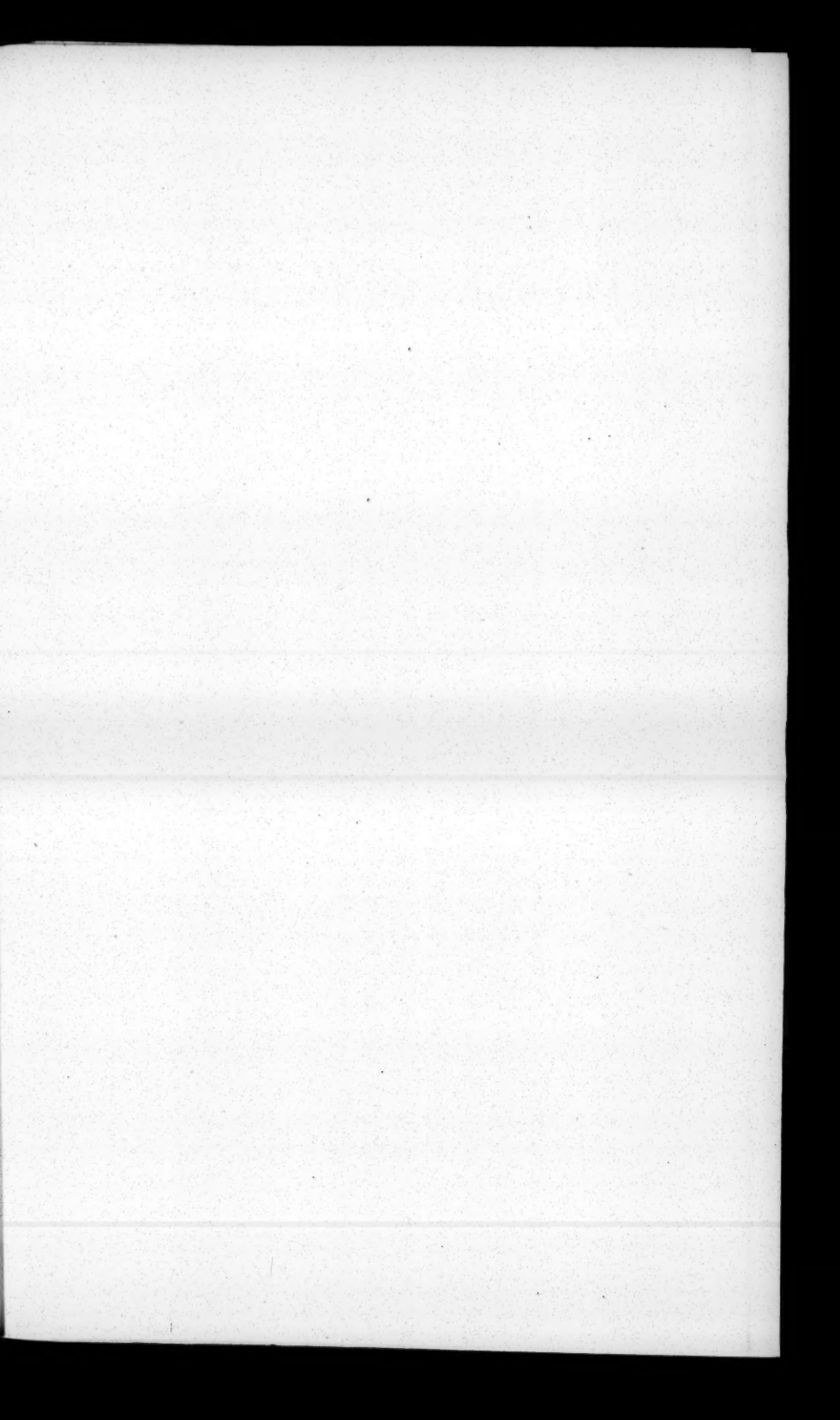
Thy well-feign'd *Tenderness* would now be vain,
 Could give no Joy, thy *Coldness* gives no Pain.
 Tho' hard the Task, I've torn thee from my Breast;
Corin no more shall rob my Soul of Rest;
 Each pleasing Object now delights my Mind,
 Each Hour brings Peace, tho' *Corin* is unkind:
 I now with lovely *Orme* again am gay,
 No tender Passion steals my Rest away;
 Vain as thou art, yet trust me I'm sincere,
 I love thee not, by sacred Heaven I swear;
 Yet still I praise thy Voice, can see thy Charms,
 But coldly praise, without fond Love's Alarms;
 I still admire thy Mien, each winning Grace
 That decks thy Form, or dwells upon thy Face:
 But now unmov'd behold those Graces fair,
 And think young *Damon* may with thee compare,
 His tender Passion, and thy cold Disdain,
 At length have triumph'd o'er my Love and Pain.

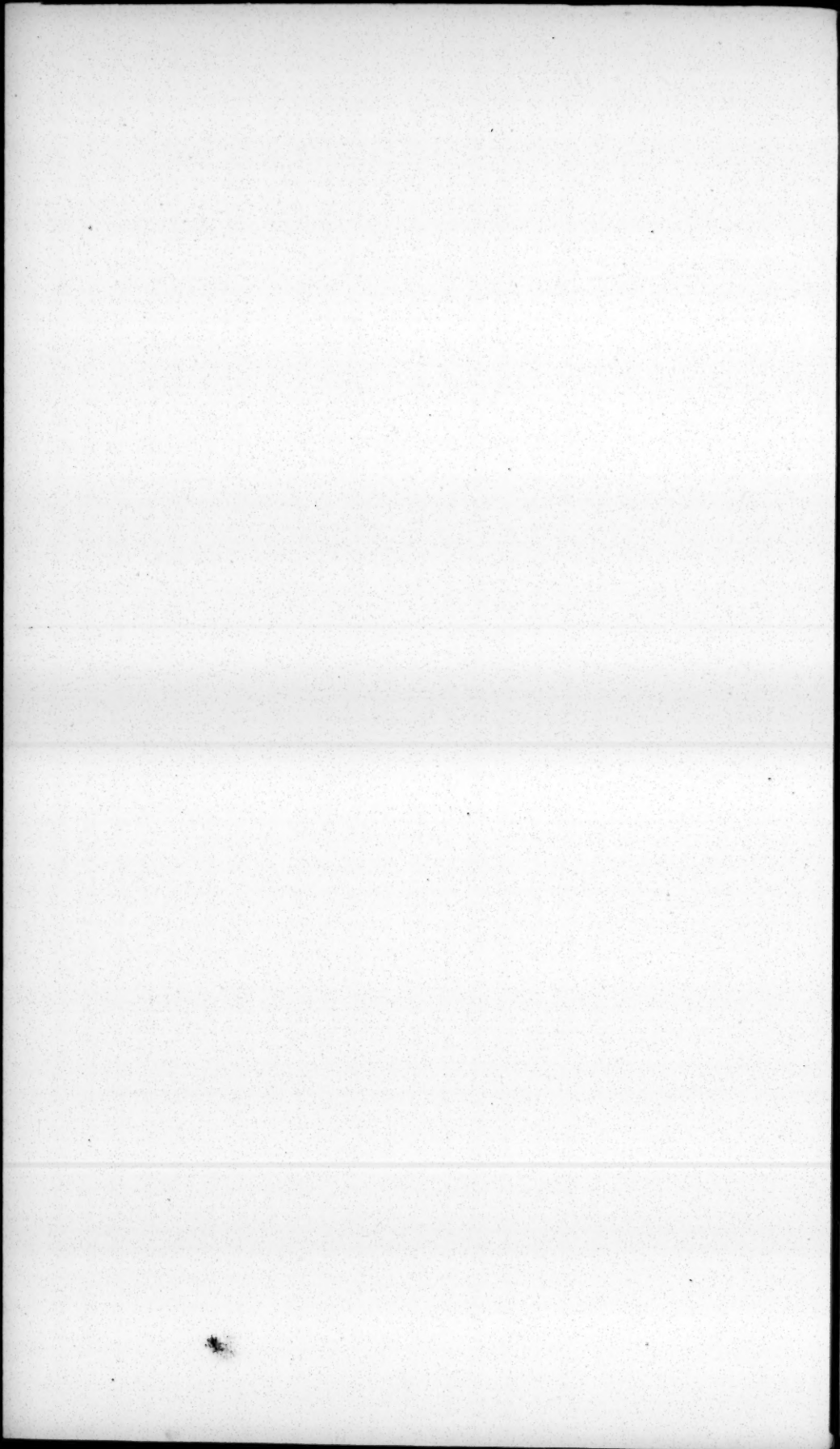
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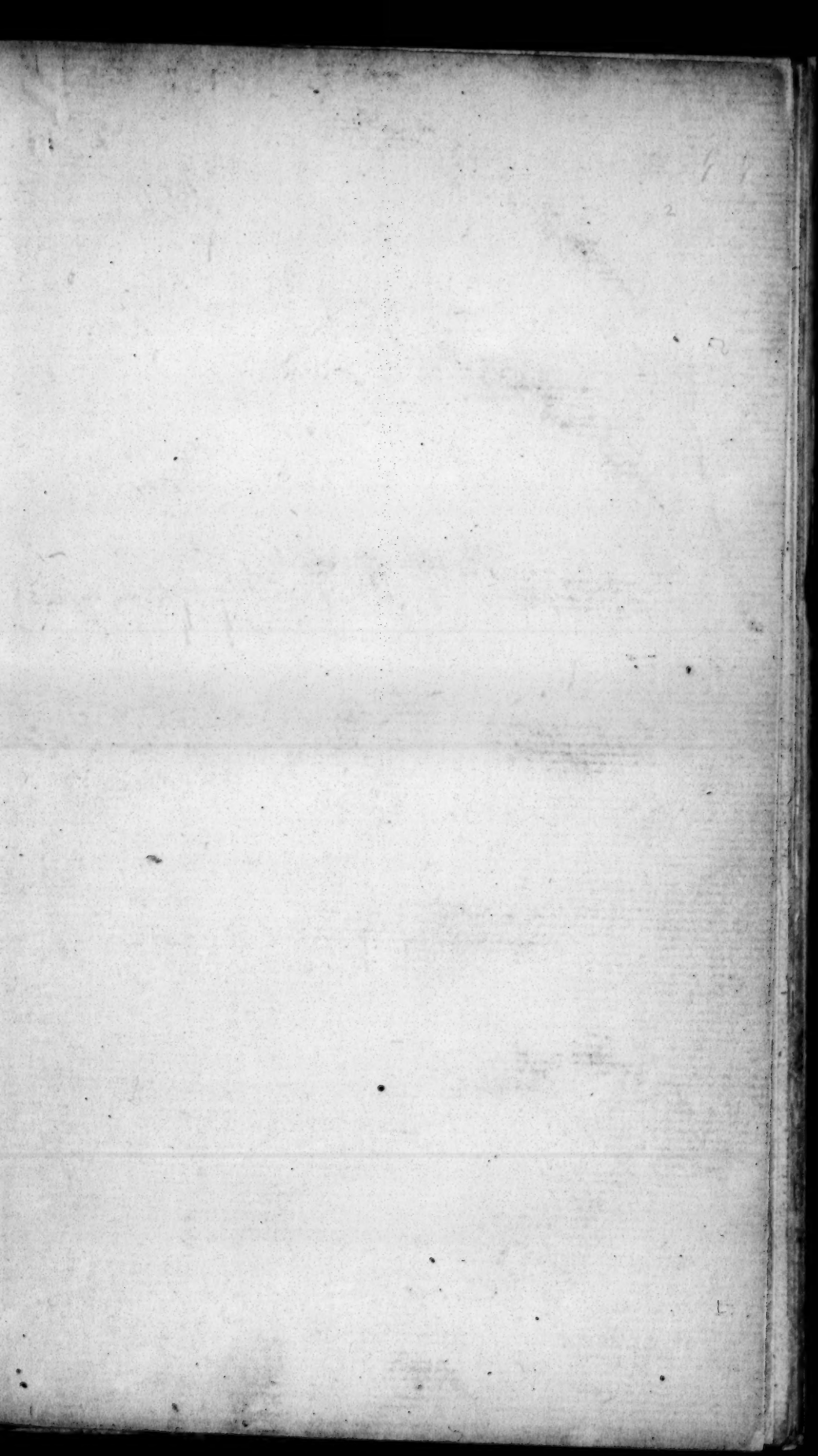


E R R A T U M.

Page 22, o'er the Verses wrote on a Birth-Day,
 instead of 1778. read the Date 1780.







1419. g. 9.